

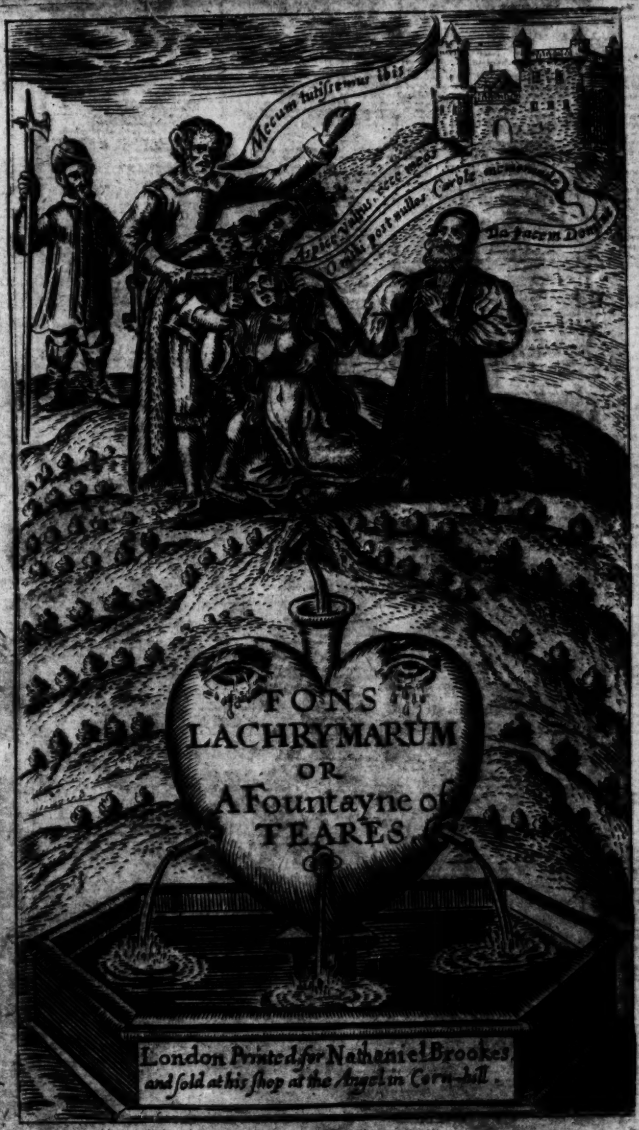
But for this Face, the Work had clearely gone
For old smooth QVARLES *himself, and not his* Sonne;
Who sighing how KINGS *fell, and* Subjects *rose,*
Scornes to mis-spend one single Teare in Prose:
This Book's his shadowe, Hee's his Fathers Shade,
QVARLES *is a Pact as well Borne as Made.*

T.M:



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T.M:


Mecum tuisse vmus libi
Ha parcus Deus
FONS
LACHRYMARUM
OR
A Fountayne of
TEARES
London Printed for Nathaniel Brookes
and sold at his shop at the Angel in Corn-hill.



Fons Lachrymarum;

OR A

FOUNTAIN

OF

TEARS:

From whence doth flow

Englands Complaint,

Jeremiah's Lamentations

PARAPHRAS'D,

WITH

Divine Meditations;

AND AN

ELEGY

Upon that Son of Valor

Sir CHARLS LUCAS.

Written by JOHN QUARLES.

London, Printed for *Nathaniel Brooks*, at the Angel in *Cornhill*. 1649.

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TO THE
Illustrious Prince
CHARLS,
PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,

IF the Current of my affections force me against the Rocks of presumption, I humbly crave the assistance of Your gracious

pardon: The extent of my ambition is to prostitute at Your Highnesses feet the first fruits of an Orchard, which I planted in Flaunders, *during the time of my banishment, and now have brought them into* England *to be pres'd for growing in a strange Country; I confess, the fruit is* green, *and* sowre, *and cannot ripen till it feel the Sun-shine of Your* Princely eye; *nor sweeten, till Your approbation shall be pleased to afford them a liking, and that liking honor*

them with a free acceptance. There is nothing that can make me esteem my self unhappy, but that the severity of these times will not permit me to tender Your Highness that service which my heart is ambitious to perform, and my duty binds me to acknowledg: I have nothing that I can stile my own but a fidelious heart, which shall always pray for Your prosperity; and that Your successes may (like waves) ride in one upon the back of another; and that at last You

may

may, like the Sunne, break through the Clouds of Opposition, *and once more shine in your proper* Hemisphere: *Heaven season Your Royal Heart with the Principles of Wisdom, and grant that You may not* Hide *Your Counsels in the Bosoms of them that honour You with their* Lips, *when their* Hearts *are far from You. These are the serious and fervent Prayers of him, that desires to live no longer then he is willing to devote himself*

himself to Your Highnesses Commands, and is

Your Highnesses

most obliged

Servant,

JOHN QUARLES.

TO

Dedicatory.

Simply to Your Highnesses
Commands, and to

Your Highnesses

most obliged

Servant,

JOHN QUARLES.

TO
The READER.

Kind Reader,

HEre present, to thy view a *Fountain*, from which doth flow, *Complaints*, *Lamentations*, and *Meditations*, three Necessaries for these Times. Never were *Complaints* more frequent, then they are in this age of obduracy and oppression; Nor *Lamentations* more requisite, then in these Lachrymable Times; Nor *Meditations* more commendable, then

in

in these days of uncertainty. Reader, I shall desire thee to pass by the errors of the Press, which are now too late to correct: Had not the perverseness of these times debarred me from coming to the Press, the Printers Mistakes had not been so numerous. For my own part, I have nothing to boast of but this, that I am confident the judicious Reader will pardon the weakness of my endeavors, and know, that the tallest Cedars were but twigs at first.

Reader,

Farewell.

TO

My dear Friend the

AUTHOR.

THe Son begins to riſe, the Father's ſet:
Heav'n took away one light, and pleas'd to let
Another riſe. Quarles, *thy Light's divine,*
And it ſhall teach Darkneſs it ſelf to ſhine.
Each word revives thy Fathers name, *his art*
Is well imprinted in thy noble heart;
I've read thy pleaſing lines, wherein I find
The rare Endeavors of a manly mind.
Proceed as well as thou haſt well begun,
That we may ſee the Father by the Son.

R. L.

TO

TO

My much esteemed Friend the

AUTHOR,

On his Book, intituled,

Fons Lachrymarum.

THou prov'st Prophetick in thy doleful Muse,
Whilst it the Prophets *mournful* tears *renews*
Yet ere thy tears *be spent, may* England *stand*
In her first glory, rais'd by Charls *his hand.*
Then may each drop (to adde unto her grace)
Turn solid pearl, and beautifie her face:
There whilest in native brightness fix'd they be,
Their radiant lustre shall reflect on thee.

Rich. Quiney.

Eng-

Englands Complaint.

EXperience tells us, thoſe that are in pain
Need neither *Act* nor *Ord'nance* to complain:
Griefs have their priviledg, whoſe paſſions break
All Laws, *and Loſers claim a power to ſpeak.*
If paſſion be too rude *(Reader)* excuſe;
Grief knows no manners, ſorrow needs no Muſe:
But ſtay my haſty quill, forbear, I know
Thou art too young, too tender yet to go
Without a guide, a guide that may direct
Thy ſtaggering feet; A guide that may protect
Thy Infant years. Do not too much endeavor;
A fall at firſt will make thee lame for ever.
Invoke the *Nine*, and if they do deny
To give thee ayd, complain to *Mercury:*
Tell him, thou art a *babe*, and doſt deſire
To warm thy *genius* by the Muſes *fire:*
Where are *Apollo's* off-ſprings? are they ty'd
In ſorrows chains, e're ſince *Mecænas* dy'd?
Or are their *Helleconian* waters ſpent?
Or do they ſtay t'expect a Complement?
I wonder what they mean, to be thus ſlow,
In former times they'd run, they'l now ſcarce go:

My heedleſs *Muſe*, doſt thou not underſtand
They're all diſtracted and diſpers'd the Land?
Only *Melpomene*, who now appears
Like *Nioby*, a monument of tears. (thou
Knowſt thou not this (raſh Muſe) then how canſt
Implore a help from them that know not how
To help themſelves? Nay *Pegaſus* is made
A poor *Dragoon*; his friends are all betraid:
Though all diſtracted, and thus routed be,
Yet, helpleſs Muſe, there's Heav'n to ſuccour thee:
Then hear me *Heaven*, O hear me, now I ſue,
Th'art my *Apollo*, be *Mecanas* too,
And great Conductor of my Soul, inſpire
My frozen heart with thy celeſtial fire:
Light thou my Candle, O then I ſhall ſee,
By thy own light, how to diſcover thee;
Inflame my *frozen* ſenſes with thy Spirit,
That I may learn to live, and live t'inherit
The glory of thy Kingdom, and to reſt
Where joys are greater then can be expreſt:
And ſo go on; but ſtay, raſh quill, and know
What 'tis to be engag'd, before you go
Too far; Be careful theſe bad times, unleſs
Your raſh adventure want a good ſucceſs:
Be wary what you do; theſe are no times
To pleaſe fond fancies with *laſcivious Rhymes.*
Be circumſpect; Let every word you write
Be Truth, and then let every word invite
A *tear*; each *tear*, a *ſigh*; that every *Eye*,
That reads, may melt into an *Elegie.*

And curs'd be that dull eye, that will not lend
A tear, or two, to see poor *England* spend
Weeks, *months*, & *years*, in sighs, in sobs, in groans,
In tears, in pray'rs, and will not move the stones?
Vollies of tears, discharged from her eyes,
Shake Heaven and Earth, and penetrate the skies.
With sad cõplaints heav'n mourns at her condition
And weeps down showrs of tears at her Petition:
Then rouze, ye *Britains*, from your flattering sleep,
Hear *Englands* groans, thus she begins to weep;
No *Peace*, no *ease*, no *pleasure*; is all gone,
Pursu'd with *envy* and *rebellion*?
Whither, oh whither, are my glories sent?
Banisht my breast by Act of *Parliament*?
Vertue is fled, and scar'd into a trance
By the ill shape of Bugbear *ignorance*.
What mists are these that thus eclipse the light
Of *splendent truths*? From whence proceeds this night
Of *darkening Errors*? how am I begull'd
Of all my *joys*? Nay, how am I defil'd
With *leprous humors*? On how grief transports
My frightned sense! what envy's this reforts
Unto my swelling breast? Is there no mean,
No pleasing Musick to divide my scean?
Were I an *Atlas*, I could not sustain
This Firmament of grief: who can refrain
From falling, that's so much oppress as I
With such a burthen of *Malignity*.
Where shall I run, to whom shall I address
My burthened self, or how shall I express

My uncontrouled ſorrows, or relate
Th'unhappy diſcord of my *factious State*?
Where ſhall I fly? Is there no *Ark* above
To hide me from theſe *waves*? Is there no *Dove*
To bring me tydings that the Land is clear,
And that the hills of *Peace* do re-appear?
But muſt I periſh? ſhall the waves of *pride*
Daſh me in pieces? ſtill a flowing tyde,
Still flow, and never ebb! Is there no bliſs?
Wonder ſad Soul! *O what an Ocean's this*
Ambitious winds, why rage ye more and more,
And make the *Seas* thus envy at the *ſhore*?
Is there no *Peter* can pray Heav'n to pleaſe.
To check the *winds*, and qualifie the *Seas*?
Am I the worſt of all? Is my condition
So bad, that there is no *Petition*
Can have an audience? Ah my conſcience ſaith,
I've *Peters* fears, but yet want *Peters* faith.
Here let us ſtop a little, and adviſe
With fleſh and blood; Can greater wants ariſe,
To damage Souls, then *faith*, whoſe want procures
All theſe extreams, which my poor heart endures?
Oh no, there cannot: he that wants the hand
Of *Soul-ſupporting Faith*, forgets to ſtand:
This is my want, and till I find relief,
I'le lie and tumble in the ſhades of grief,
And glut the ayr with ſighs; my hideous cries
Shall roar like thunder in the troubled ſkies:
O that my *eyes* were *Oceans*, that I may
Drown all my ſorrows in one ſtormy day;

Or

Or would pleas'd *Heaven*, enable me to ſtrain,
To gulp up *Seas*, and weep them out again,
Then ſhould my briny ſtreams guſh forth ſo faſt,
That every tear ſhould ſtrive to be the laſt;
So the ſwift current of my ſwelling eyes
Should overflow my heap'd up miſeries.
I have offended Heaven, and now I ſee
My ſins are walls betwixt my God and me,
Which ſtop the paſſage of my fervent prayers,
That there is no prevailing but by tears,
To batter down the wall that thus prevents
My cries, my vows, and hinders my intents
To Heav'n, that Heav'n can ſend me no relief,
Nor take me from this *labyrinth* of grief.
Gone are my golden, my forgotten days,
When every bird could whiſtle forth my praiſe.
Gone are thoſe days when this conſuming Earth
Was ſtuffd with pleaſure, & perfum'd with mirth:
Though all be gone, yet will I ſtrive t'endure;
He that hath made the wound, can make the cure:
For now I'm wounded, and my wounds do ſmart
Beyond my patience; and my tender heart,
Swell'd up with ſorrow, doth predeſtinate
What woe muſt happen to my bleeding State:
My *head*, my head's tormented; and my *eyes*
Are dim with gazing after vanities:
My *members* ſwell like Oceans, and from thence
Proceeds ſo great, ſo large a confluence
Of noiſom humors, and they run ſo thick,
That they ſurcharge, and make my ſtomack ſick:

I ave purg'd alr-ady, and that will not do,
I fear, I fear, that I muſt vomit too:
I doubt 'tis too much *aſſion* that hath bred
Theſe ill diſeaſes that diſturb my *head*;
Oh I am ſick to death, my bowels yern!
I freez, I freez, and whileſt I freez, I burn;
I burn, I melt, my ſoul is parch'd within.
(How hot's the furnace of tormenting ſin?)
And Ah! how ſoon is feebled nature lam'd
With ioynt-contracting cold; if not inflam'd
By heavens enlivening fire? how hot's my blood
To what is *bad*, and Ah, how cold to *good*?
Oh grief! how two extreams perplex one heart,
So link'd together, that they cannot part!
Thus am I toſt, and doubtfully oppreſt
Beneath the burden of a dubious breſt?
Nothing but Wars, and Tumults do ariſe;
Thrice happy I, had I known how to prize
My happineſs? Alas I ne're did know
The good of peace, till Heav'n was pleaſd to ſhow:
War makes me know, what joy it was before
To live in peace and plenty, now the more.
To live in peace and plenty, now I know by this,
This want of peace, what a combining bliſs
It was to live united, and to praiſe
That God of Peace, that bleſt my peaceful days
With large increaſe; Oh miſery to think,
Loaded with too much pleaſure, how I ſink!
I that was wont to boaſt my heaps of treaſure,
Now ſwim in ſorrow, and now ſink in pleaſure:

I that the world did envy, now am brought
To be not worth the env'ing, worſe then nought,
Revil'd by all; ſee how the hand of Fate
hath pleas'd to make me thus unfortunate:
What ſhall I do? what *phyſick* can procure
A little eaſe? I cannot long endure.
Where are my grave *Divines* to give advice
To a relapſing Soul? are they grown nice
Of late? Are their conſpiring hearts agreed
T'abſent themſelves in this my time of need?
What do they mean? Oh whither are they fled?
Sure, ſure, they're *ſilenc'd* all, or elſe all *death*:
Do they not ſee me falling? Do they ſtand
Amaz'd, not daring to afford a hand
To help me up? Methinks I hear them cry,
That they are falling to, as well as I.
Where is *Religion*, that was wont to be
The *Governor* of *Peace*, the branched Tree
That ever flouriſh'd? ſee, now every *Clown*
Being authoriz'd preſumes to cut her down.
Will they ſtill ſtrive with *ſwords*, with *guns*, with (*clubs*,
To pickle my Religion up in tubs?
Have they no *Reaſon?* hath their greedy *zeal*
Swallow'd up all their Senſes at one meal?
Have they agreed that *Piety* and *Reaſon*
Shall be *condemn'd*, and *voted* into *Treaſon?*
Or hath their *hell-bred thoughts* found out a way
To turn our *Sion* to a *Golgotha?*
Hath the *Tartarian* Counſeller invented
Such thriving Plots which cannot be prevented?

Leave off base Acts *Mechanicks*, and begin
To deal uprightly, and reform within;
Bury your *aged crimes*, and then go call
Your straggling *senses* to the *Funeral*: (trary
Adjourn your thoughts, which now are quite con-
To Peace, and think a *peace* is necessary.
Honour your *higher Powers*, and do not mock
And vilifie them as your laughing stock.
There are a *brain-sick multitude*, a *rabble*
Of all *Religions*, that do dayly squabble
About *vain shades*, and let the *substance* pass,
Hating *good manners* as they hate the *Mass*:
'Tis such as these which thus my *Woes* advance,
Whose very *Souls* are starv'd with *ignorance*:
'Tis such as these who dayly strive to smother
The *truth* with *flattring zeal*, & call him *brother*,
Nay *holy brother*; though his *faith* be small,
If he can *rail*, and reverently *baul*
Against *grave Bishops*, and their *pious King*,
Oh this is *holy*, nay a *zealous thing*:
And those are holy that can pray by chance
According to the Spirits *influence*,
And teach their *prick-ear'd brethren* to deny
The *Common Prayer*, but know no reason why;
And those whose great humility can be
Content to make a Pulpit in a *tree*,
Or in some *Barn*, there by the Spirit pray
Five or six hours, not caring what they say;
Or if a *Black-smith* or a *Tinker* can
Hammer out Treason, he's a zealous man

Or

Or if a learned *Cobler* will be ſure
To ſtitch it cloſe, oh he's a *Chriſtian pure!*
Oh theſe are holy, yea and *learned Teachers*,
Theſe are *Divines*, and only theſe are *Preachers*:
They'l cry all learned *Prelats* out of ſeaſon, (reaſon.
They muſt not preach, for fear they ſhould ſpeak
Oh theſe are they, whoſe ruder tongues can cry,
Advance *Mechanicks*, down with *Majeſty*:
Theſe, theſe are they, whoſe dūghill thoughts could never
Attain perfection, but they ſtill endeavor
To baniſh *wiſdom*, that at laſt they may
Make all the world as ignorant as *they*.
See how they'ave turn'd my *joy* to griping *ſadneſs*,
Plenty to *want*, and *peace* to downright *madneſs*;
Vertue to *vice*, and *chaſtity* to *vainneſs*,
Learning to *ſcorn*, *Religion* to *prophaneneſs*,
Flattry to *zeal*, and *non-ſence* unto *Reaſon*,
Honor to *ſhame*, and *Loyalty* to *Treaſon*,
Pity to *Murther*, *Truth* to feigned *lyes*,
Prayers to *curſes*, *Plundring* to a *prize*:
Thus, thus they gripe my *Soul*, and go about
To change my ſhape, and turn my *inſide out*.
Unhumane Actions; *Ah* who can behold
Such *Tyrannies*, and not his blood grow cold!
Break, *break*, ye flood-gates of my brimfil'd *eyes*,
And let my tears have paſſage to ſurprize
This Fort of ſorrow, and tumultuous cares,
And drench the mountains in a Sea of tears.
Forbear, ye lowring *skies*; there is no need
Ye ſhould diſburſe a ſhowre: I have agreed

With

With ſorrow, and his *powers* ſtill to remain
Clouded with *grief*, and fill the Earth with rain;
Oh horrid, diſmal, Heav'n provoking *times,*
Surpaſſing *Sodoms*; nay *Gomorrah's* crimes
Were ne're ſo bad; Oh *Hell-invented fate,*
Worſe then the worſt that I can nominate.
Are theſe my *people,* for whoſe ſakes I lie
Involv'd with *torments,* wrapt in *Tyranny?*
Are theſe my *Sons,* whoſe ſorrows now I weep?
Are theſe my *children* that are lul'd aſleep?
See how ſecure they reſt, and never fear
Approaching *Woe*; mine eyes, can ye forbear
To vent ten thouſand tears? Oh never let
Your lids conceal you, till y'ave paid the debt
Ye owe to ſorrow, for thoſe *ſins* which thirſt
For greater plenty, then can be disburſt:
Oh ſigh, ſad *Soul,* until thy heart be ſore,
Then ſigh, becauſe thou canſt not ſigh no more.
Oh that my voyce, like *thunderclaps* could tear,
And ſplit the *portals* of each *deafned ear*;
That ſo my cries might raviſh every brain,
And fil'd with *horror,* make them deaf again.
And this I wiſh, becauſe my *Sons* are all
So deaf, they will not hear me when I call:
Did they not flouriſh in a *peaceful ſtate,*
Enjoying ſtore of all things, till of late
They grew thus *factious?* and have I not been,
In former times, the worlds admired *Queen?*
Have not all *Nations* formerly been proud
To do me ſervice? Have they not allow'd

A due reſpect unto me every where,
And honored me, if not for *love*, for *fear*?
And muſt I now by your, your means incur
As many plagues as miſchief can infer?
Muſt I now *pine away*, that have been *ſtrong*?
Muſt I now *ſtoop*, that have ſtood up ſo *long*?
Muſt I be now *ſubordinate* to *thoſe*
That never dar'd ſubſcribe themſelves my *foes*?
Muſt I be now *divided*, that was never
Divided yet? Muſt I be loſt forever?
Muſt I be now *conſumed* and thrown down?
And muſt they ſcoff me now, that dar'd not frown
In former times? Muſt I be now confounded?
Muſt I be now revil'd, and cal'd a *Roundhead*?
Muſt I be now nick-nam'd? Muſt *frighted fame*
Sound a Retreat, and ſcorn to own my name?
Muſt I be now diſpers'd? Muſt my own hand
Deſtroy the bounty of my fruitful Land? (glory
Oh grief-tranſcending thought, ſhall *Englands*
Be thus abſtracted, and thus made a ſtory
To after ages? Would not this perplex
A Soul, that never knew what 'twas to vex?
What grief can equalize my grief? What pain
Can be equivalent? Would any gain
Experience? If they would, may they incline
Themſelves to this experienc'd grief of mine:
Ah grief of days; what marble eye can read
Of ſuch extreams as mine, and never bleed?
'Twould dull the ſharpeſt brain to meditate
Upon my grief; nay, make them deſperate.

Had

Had *Nero* liv'd in this tempeſtuous age,
He might have bluſht to ſee his boiling rage
Out-vi'd by yours; nay, *Corah* and his crew
Never purſu'd their *Moſes*, as ye do,
With ſuch untutor'd violence; 'tis ſtrange,
Oh whither will your headlong fury range?
Adviſe by times, and know there is a God
That overlooks you: Know, that *Moſes* Rod
May turn a *greedy Serpent*, and devour,
As well the *greater*, as the *ſmaller power*.
Go, go, ye ſad contrivers of theſe times,
Conſult with ſorrow: think on all thoſe crimes
Ye have committed; and then think what you
Have done, and after what ye have to do.
Adviſe with care, for your condition's ſuch,
Y'ave much to do, becauſe y'ave done too much.
Too much; Alas too much in my *ſad ſtate*
Is done already; and I fear too late
For remedy: And ſecret danger lies
In dull delay: 'tis wiſdom to adviſe
Betimes; for true and timely care prevents
Untimely ruine, hindring the intents
Of ſtudied *malice*; induſtry prepares
A *balm* for that which *negligence* impairs.
Thoſe that by dreaming ſloth, ſuſtain a loſs,
Obtain leaſt pity, and the greateſt croſs.
Conſider what a grief 'twill be to ſee
The ſad diſtraction of this *Monarchie*,
Wrought by your ſlothful negligence, when all
My lofty ſtructures by your hands muſt fall:

Nay

Nay, worſe then this, when *famine* ſhall devour
What *fire* and *ſword* hath left; when every hour
The *Bells* ſhall toul, with ſuch a feeble ſound,
As if that they themſelves a want had found.
Will it not melt a ſtone to hear the cries
Of *hungry children*, and the ſad replies
Of their *dejected friends*? who can forbear
To think on this, and never ſhed a tear?
How children cry for bread, and fain would reſt,
Seeking protections in their mothers breſt?
Alas poor *Orphans*, how are they beguil'd,
When the *ſad mother's* forc'd to eat the *child*
For want of food, & make their blood their drink!
Oh what a wounding ſorrow 'tis to think
How all will be deſtroy'd, both *young* and *old*,
How *warm blood* will be mingled with the *cold*!
How you will roar and cry for want of *bread*,
Some on the ground, ſome *dying*, and ſome *dead*;
Some gnaw their fleſh, and ſome fight who ſhal eat
Each other; *O uncomfortable meat!*
And then the *ravening Wolves* ſeek up and down
To find a prey, in every *ſtarved Town*,
Shall eat *deaths reliques*; having ſpent that ſtore,
Shall ranſack up and down, and howl for more.
All *beaſts* and *fowls* ſhall then amazed ſtand,
To ſee the *Sea* is turn'd into a *Land*:
The Land into a Sea, a *Red Sea*, where
Nothing but *bones* in ſtead of *fiſhes* are. (groans,
Where nothing's heard; but cries, and ſhrieks, and
Where nothing's ſeen, except conſuming bones.

Oh had you but the power to apprehend
These sad *destructive dangers*, how they tend
Daily towards us, with all the power that they
Can make, as if they'd rout us in one day:
Dull sons of men, have ye forgot to rise,
And draw the *Curtains* of your slumbring eyes?
Methinks this hot *Alarum* should affright
Your Souls for ever from your fond delight!
What do ye mean? ye cannot chuse but hear
Heav'ns thundring Judgments rating in your ear.
What, have ye sworn Allegiance to the *Prince*
Of utter darkness? Will no words convince
Your Stubborn Souls? Has a perpetual vow
Been lately past betwixt *Hells Prince* and *you*?
Why do ye thus delight to overthrow
Your selves, and lose a Kingdom at one blow?
Oh where are my *grand Rulers* to correct
These th ir *enormous* humors, that infect
The world with *Errors*? To what fatal place
Are all my *Senators* retired?

You my Triennial Powers, come and dispose
Your ears to my discourse; and Ile disclose
My grief to you, whose Judgments can prescribe
A timely remedy without a bribe.
Then hark!

THe climing power of my disease is grown
To such a height, that I can hardly own
A minutes rest; my *body politick*
You apprehend (I know) is very sick:

The

Then let the depth of understanding move
The depth of pity, that ye may remove
These growing inconveniences, that moan
For your assistance: Can a Kingdom groan,
And not be heard? Can a disease remain
within my body, and not I complain
Or what I suffer? That were Tyrannie
Not to be paralel'd: O pity me,
And let the fervour of my language turn (burn
Your thoughts to tears, to quench those flames that
My wasting intrals: Let your hearts relent
With meditating on my discontent:
Open your willing ears, and hear me call;
O do not fall a slumbring whileſt I fall:
O hear me soon, that now complain too late:
Let my complaints make you compassionate;
Dissolve into a Sea of tears. Involve
Your selves with sackcloth: Let your minds revolve
Upon your *native soil*; resolve to spend
Your greatest skills, to consummate the end
Of my distractions; and let *mercy* joyn
With *justice*; so shall endless love combine
Your Souls: That like *Ezekiels* wheels ye may
Run one within another, and not stray:
But like *Isaiahs* Seraphims may cry,
O holy, holy, holy God on high.

But stay; nor can I end, my griefs must fly
A little further; Mountains that are high
Must be discovered: Molehills often times
Lie out of sight, like undiscovered crimes.

A publike ſorrow oftentimes admits
A cure from them, whoſe more concreted wits
Do dayly ſtudy with more active arts
More *publique* miſchief with more *private* hearts.
Doth not the fawning *Crocodile* obtain
By publique ſorrow her more private gain?
Doth not the crafty *Lapwing* cry the leaſt,
When ſhe is neareſt to her cloſe-made neſt?
Are there not thoſe in this conniving age,
Whoſe outward meekneſs is but inward rage?
Are there not thoſe in theſe contentious times,
That live by nothing but their private crimes?
Oh grief to ſpeak it: Are there not a ſort
Of wilful people that can make a ſport
At others ruines, whoſe pretended *zeal*
Hath bred much miſchief in this *Common-weal*?
Are there not thoſe that would pretend to be
Reformers, yet deform a *Monarchie*?
Are there not thoſe, whoſe *upſtart honors* crave
Perpetual durance, only to enſlave
The *Sons of Honor*? Thus they play the thief,
And joy in nothing, but in others grief.
Are there not thoſe, who in one breath can cry
Againſt a *Lyar*, yet can forge a *lye*
for their advantage, and abjure the *Laws*?
Lyes are no *lyes*, if they advance their *Cauſe*.
Are there not thoſe that perſecute the *Arts*,
And yet retain *Monopolizing* hearts?
Are there not thoſe that dayly take delight
To twiſt themſelves into anothers *right*?

D

Do not all *these*, which I have nam'd, pretend
To do all this, to a *religious end?*
And ah Religion! how art thou betray'd
By those, whose worthless industry have layd
Thine *honor* in the dust; nay, and have thrown
Dirt in their faces, that shall dare to own
Thy very name? these are a sort of pepple,
That love no Church, because they hate the People.
I dare affirm, that *Proteus* ne'er could bee
So much transform'd, as they have transform'd
Nor can I yet conclude; I must deplore
My greater sorrows, yet a little more:
Let no man take exceptions, for I speak
Unto my self; *sorrow must finde a leak.*
I cannot hold; and O that I were able
To make my feeble tongue infatigable,
That by my full expressions I may prove
How much the *Serpent* over-rules the *Dove.*
There was a time (not long since) when my *fits*
Had found an expiation, if those *wits*
(Which prov'd too serpentine) had not delayd
Their too-soon violated vows, and playd
A double game: I even blush to name
What odds they had, and how they lost the game.
The world (though sad) is not so melancholly,
But that it smiles at, and records that folly;
The breach of vows cracks honor, and the loss
Of opportunity deserves a cross
In honors book; and he that shall neglect
A publique good, shall finde a bad respect

In private hearts, and *ruine* must attend
A publique Actor, for a private end.
Are there not those hate *Rome*, and yet make room
For *Catiline*, and labor to entomb
His vile *prescriptions* in their Romish thoughts,
And yet excuse *themselves*, and *him*, from faults
Do *I* not see them how they run his *paths*
With head-long force, and prosecute his *Laws*?
Do *I* not see their *Agents*, how they strive
To ruine *others*, and to keep alive
Themselves, that liv'd not, till this *greedy age*
Rak'd them from *dunghils*, to adorn the *Stage*
Of Hell-bred Tyranny? Do I not see
How much they't honor'd for their *Tyranny*?
The *Salamander*, when he's crown'd with fir
Is in his Kingdom; if his Crown expire,
His life concludes: Tell me what then remains,
Except the reliques of consuming flames?
Even so the *Salamanders* of these days (blaz
(Whose hearts are made of flames) at last will
And smother into *ashes*: Thus declin'd,
What can they leave (except a stink) behinde?
Each thing must live within its *element*;
Discretion tells us, fishes must content
Themselves with water; and all things must liv
Content with that which Heav'n was pleas'd t
'Tis onely *man* that surfeits with desire: (giv
The *earth*, the *ayr*, the *water*, quickning *fire*,
And all was made for *man*, and *man* was made
Of all these things: O let it not be said,

Th

That *fire* predominates, and breeds conteſt
Within my bowels, and deſtroys the reſt.
O ſtrive, now your *unruly flames* arile,
To quench your hearts with *water* from *your eyes*:
Strive not with *Catiline*, that liviſh creature,
To ſtop *great miſchiefs*, by *enacting greater*.
But tell me now, how can your thoughts reflect
Upon a *Peace*, when as ye diſ-reſpect
The *principle*? 'tis an uncertain way
To gain a *Peace* by *Arms*; for every day
Will breed new *tumults*, which will in concluſion
Inviron you with Armies of confuſion:
Peace cannot ſwim in *blood*, blood cannot ſtand
Like *pools of water* in a *peaceful Land*.
Delight not thus in contraries; forſake
Your former ways, let not your hearts partake
Of *blood*, and *raine*; Heav'n will never own
A *blood-beſpatter'd Soul*: 'Tis not unknown
How ye have belch'd out *oaths*, & vow'd to bring
Peace to your *Country*, *honor* to your *King*: (*glory*
Now whet's your *Countries peace*? now whet's the
Your *King* was promis'd? *O nefandous ſtory!*
Can *peace* and *ſtrife* cohabitate? Can *fame*
And *glory be impriſon'd*? 'Tis your ſhame,
Not *his diſhonor*, that ye perpetrate
Such *horrid acts*: I tremble to relate
What I have ſuffer'd: Is't not *you* that have
Exploded all my *comforts*? You that crave
(Like *greedy Cormorants*) ſtill *more* and *more*,
Pretending *charity*, yet ſtarve the *poor*?

Was it not you, whose active hands provided
To pull down *Crosses*, that have thus divided
My yeelding people? Can ye now pull down
These Crosses ye have builded? You that crown
Your hearts with *malice*, will you always stand
In opposition? will you still command
In spight of Fortune? will ye always be
Majestique too, in spight of *Majestie*?
I may affirm, that never *Nation* had
So good a King, whose Subjects are so bad.
Do ye not see how Heav'n hath pleas'd to smile
Upon his Soul, and bless him all this while
With long-continued patience? It is he
Whose life hath given life to Pietie.
He is a second *Job*, whose patience can
Outvy the base indignities of man:
Go ransack *Europe*, see if you can finde
A more composed Prince, whose noble minde
Can entertain a grief, and never vent
(But turn) his passion into blest content;
Whole volumns of his grief may be expreſt;
And since I dare not speak, I'l weep the rest.
O stop my tears, or else my eyes will flow
Into a deluge; for my sorrows know
No mean at all; extreams of tears must fall
For such extreams of grief: Attend me all,
Whose hearts are not too flinty; I'l declare (care
Your Soveraigns suffering, with your Soveraigns
How many widowed night has his sad heart
VVorn out with sorrow, having none t'impart

His thoughts unto, except he pleaſe to ſpend
His language on the ears of ſuch a friend
As *Haman* was; whoſe unreſtrained power
Puniſht his own offence in half an hour.
Judg you, whoſe hearts have vow'd a double life,
What are th'endearments of a tender wife. (bleſt
Judg you (what 'tis) whom bounteous Heav'n hath
With numerous off-ſprings, to be diſpoſſeſt
Of thoſe encreaſing comforts, which diſcry
No real joy, but in their parents eye.
And if th'enjoyment of theſe bleſſings yeeld
Such large content, needs muſt the want unſhield
The Soul of comfort: O unhappy fate!
Who'd be a father at ſo dear a rate?
A wife, unhappy, happy word; a wife
Happy oft-times to an unhappy life:
A wife, that word importeth joys
Unparallel'd; that very word deſtroys
Armies of grief, and oftentimes it brings
A heav'nly ſorrow to the hearts of Kings;
And curs'd be they, heav'n gives me leave to ſpeak,
That ſhall preſume to ſeparate, or break
Conjugal bands; How many in this Land
Lie ſubject to this curſe? how many ſtand
Amaz'd, almoſt diſtracted, that have been
Actors? Heav'n bleſs my King, protect my *Queen*;
How many falſe aſperſions have you caſt
Upon their heads? Did ye not ſtrive to blaſt
Their ſpotleſs honors? What was ſpoke of late,
I hate to think, much more to nominate:

Admit it had been truth, then had ye not
Prov'd much unjuſt, to leave ſo large a plot
W thin this *Kingdom* : Thus you can diſcry
Inferior molehils, but let *mountains* lie.
But tell me then, is this the onely way
To make a *glorious King* ? Heaven grant *he* may
Want ſuch obnoxious *honor*, till he crave
Honor from *you*, to whom *he* honors gave :
Conſider well, and ye will finde it true,
'Twas heav'n that made him glorious, & not you :
'Twas he that fill'd his Soul with true renown,
And crown'd his Croſs as you have croſt his crown.
Heav'n breaks no *Covenants*, he never fails,
He never *unvotes* what he *votes*, or rails
Againſt his *enemies*, but grieves to ſee
Their Souls run headlong to their deſtinie.
Abuſed *Peace* perverts into a *Curſe* :
What can be *better*, or what may be *worſe*
Then *Peace*, whoſe preſence (*like the Sun*) diſplays
Its golden Enſigns ; whoſe refulgent rays
Adorns the *Earth*, and fills the gazing eye
With glorious light, and peaceful *Majeſty* ?
But when rude *Boreas* ſummons all his *pow'r*,
And augres with the *Seas* ; In half an hour
You may behold a change : they which before
Were wrapt in *ſilence*, now begin to roar
Into a *fury* ; *contradictions bring*
Endleſs diſputes : Shall *Boreas* be a *King*,
And rule th' unruly *waves* ? (when ſurges meet
How rudely do they part, how rudely great !)

While

Whileſt peaceful *Zephyrus* muſt be deny'd
To breathe upon the *floods*? Can ſtorms abide
For ever? No: raſh *Boreas* muſt at laſt
Submit to *Zephyrus*; whoſe milder blaſt
Proclaims a ſudden Peace, and ſtrives to grace
The ſimp'ring Ocean with a ſmoother face.
But whither am I hurried? ſlack my ſails,
I fly beyond my *Port*; I finde the gales
Of grief are too robuſtuous, and I doubt
I cannot anchor here, but tack about.
Seven years are now compleated ſince my grief
Had its initiation, yet *relief*
Stands at a diſtance; *Peace* is in a doubt
Whether to come *within*, or ſtay *without*.
Your raſh proceedings and your great diſgraces
Make *Peace* even bluſh to look *you* in the *faces*:
O miſerable men that live to know
Such Times, ſuch a reduplicating wo!
Is there no art remains? Is there no way
To ſet you right, that thus have gone aſtray?
Is there no faithful *Lot* to pray for Peace,
And ſtop the *cauſe*, that ſo th' effect may *ceaſe*?
Is there no *Jonah* dare proclaim, and cry
Unto the *ſons of men*, Deſtruction's nigh?
But are they all aſleep, now ſorrows ſwarm?
(O how can they repoſe in ſuch a ſtorm!)
Rouze ſlumbring Souls, and lift your heads above
The decks of negligence; The God of Love
Will be too angry, if you ſleep too long: (ſtrong
Advance your thoughts, and let your pray'rs be

For me, who am thus weak, and must decay,
Except this grief-encreasing *Remora*
Be wip'd away; O may I not offend
The Auditor of Heav'n, if I shall spend
Some words to this effect; I must confess
Dear God, I am corrupted, I address
My self to thee; O let thy healing hand
Prescribe a Balsam for this bleeding Land:
I have been too progressive, grant I may
Be retrograded to my former way:
Spoyl not the path because I step'd aside,
Correct my feet, and let the path abide. (small,
What though the path be something rough and
Better's a rough path then no path at all;
For now I ramble up and down, and see
No certainty, except of misserie.
Is it discretion to pull down a fair
Cathedral Church because one spider's there?
Is it discretion to condemn the Sun
Because the *Dials false?* the Times must run
Their revolutions; set the Dial right,
Then you'l not want a truth till *Sol* wants light.
Let all things move within their orbs; suppose
Th' inferior lights should labor to depose
The Prince of light, and drive him from his throne,
And by an usurpation make't their own:
What strange aspects would this produce t'affright
Supine *Astronomers*, to see that light,
Which was at distance, now approach so neer,
And blaze in an improper Hæmisphere!

Consider

Conſider then, would not the Stars let fall
Too great an influence, the Sun too ſmall,
On humane bodies? O may they remain
In their own Region, then would *Sol* again
Enjoy his juſt prerogatives, and feed
The world with ſuch a luſtre, as I need:
Peace is the light I want, could I obtain
But Peace, how ſoon ſhould I ſurvive again!
Peace is the beſt Phyſician, I require
Nothing but Peace to quench my hot deſire.
A good Phyſician will be ſure to ſee,
E're he preſcribes, where lies the maladie;
Then he'l begin to ſtudy, and to try
What may be beſt; whether *Phlebotomy*
Be good, and if it be, opens a vein,
And ſo reſtores his Patients eaſe again:
Thus, thus, *grand authors* of my woes, ſhould you
Have done at firſt, if ye had been but true
To me; but when at firſt my griefs you ſaw
Ye thought it good to purge me with your Law:
And having purg'd me, ye began to ſee
How weak I was, and what a low degree
Y'ad brought me to, and then ye fell at ſtrife,
By killing me, how to preſerve my life.
You brought *ſtrange Doctors* to me, whoſe advice
I'm ſure was purchas'd by too high a price:
They bid me lift my *arms* up to my *head*,
And ſtir my *Body*; for diſeaſes bred
For want of *exerciſe*: they bid me play
A game or two at *Iriſh* every day.

I took th' advice, then I begun to finde
A *ſudden alteration*, and my *minde*
Was ſo tranſported, that me thoughts the ground
Began to dance, *and I my ſelf turn'd round*:
I fell into a *trance*, with this *preſumption*,
And ever ſince I've liv'd in a *Conſumption*.
Let *this example* all the world aſſure,
An *Engliſh* Grief will have no *Scottiſh* Cure.
And ſo farewel, if theſe be your conditions,
Henceforth you may prove---But not Phyſicians

Englands Petition to Heaven.

Ah me! Ah me! can nothing but *Ah me*
Fly from my *barren heart* (dear God) *to thee?*
Ah me! and why will not that word import
Ten thouſand *pray'rs*, that ſo I may reſort
Unto thy ears by *Troops?* then would I run
Diviſion on *ah me*, till Time were done.
Weak as I am, *diſtracted*, and *defil'd*,
I proſtitute my ſelf, not as a *childe*
Of *Sin*, but as a *Parent* that has had
A numerous *off-ſpring*; Now my heart is ſad,
O grant that my unfeigned *grief* may grow
Upon a real *graft*, that I may ſhow
The fruit of perfect ſorrow, and declare
How great my ſins, how great thy mercies are:
Storm thou my *ſins*, and force them to retreat,
And make my craving *breſt* thy *mercies ſeat*:

Strike

Strike thou my *flinty Soul*, that my desires
May, from *a spark*, encrease to *flames*; Thy fires
Must thaw my *Icy Soul*, or else I shall
Remain for ever a *congealed Gall*:
I am compos'd of *steel*, and cannot bow,
Except thy *dear instructions* teach me how:
Attract *me* by the *loadstone* of thy *grace*,
That through thy *mercies* I may see thy *face*;
And having view'd it, I may never more
Return to what I *Idolix'd* before;
I have a *Lydia's heart*, in mercy please
To open it, *thy mercies are the keyes*:
Ravish my *Soul*, that I may fall in love
With thee, *my God*, with thee, that art a *Dove*
Of innocency: Let my *raptures* mount
As high as Heav'n, that there I may recount
Thy never *failing love*, and sing thy praise
With *Davids heart*, until the *last of days*:
Tune thou my *stupid Soul*, and then it shall
Be truly sweet, and heav'nly musical;
Convert my *swords* to *sighs*, that I my fight
With my own *crimes*, and hate to take delight
To *lacerate my self*: O tye the hands
Of fury! *make me stoop to thy commands.*
Convert my *tydes of blood* to *streams of tears*,
My *lyes* to *truths*, my *horrid oaths* to *pray'rs*:
Make me to apprehend how *thou* hast wept
Of late for *me*, whilest I securely slept.
Let not thy *tears* destroy me, but let me
Dissolve to tears (dear God) and weep to thee:

Is it the *heat* of my *offences* make
The *Heav'ns* to melt, *(O Heav'n some pity take!)*
Or has thy *great discretion* thought it good
To send these *showres* to *wash away that blood*
VVhich I have lost; I know thy purer eyes
Cannot endure a bloody sacrifice.
O stop thy *bottle*, pity my *sad times*,
And grant to *me* more *tears* or fewer *crimes!*
Be pleas'd to view me with a gracious eye,
And let the lustre of thy *Majesty*
Reflect upon *me*, let thy *glorious light*
Create a day of *mercy*, that the *night*
Of *sin* may be expel'd; O hear my pray'rs
Usher'd unto thee with a tyde of *tears*.
To me, O let thy *mercies* be expreſt,
And fill the *concave* of a sinful *breſt*;
Sinful, *ah sinful*, more then I am able
VVith language to expreſs, *intolerable*:
Behold my *feſtred Soul*, whose wounds proceed
From *sin*, and being dreſt with *sin*, they bleed;
They bleed (dear Heav'n) *they bleed*, O what a flood
A flood they make! and I am bath'd in *blood*:
O stop this *current* that does still begin,
Or I shall drown a *Kingdom* in my *sin*:
O look upon me, and in mercy pleaſe
To send me *salve* to *palliate* my diſeaſe:
Begin to hear (O GOD) begin to send,
That so my sorrows may begin to end.

THE

THE LAMENTATIONS OF JEREMIAH.

CHAP. I.

Contents.

1 *The miserable estate of Jerusalem by reason of her sins*, 12 *She complaineth of her grief*, 18 *and confesseth Gods judgments to be righteous.*

HOw doth the *City*, that was *blest* of *late* 1
With store of *people*, now lament her *state*?
How like a poor distressed *widow* she
Deplores her sorrows, that was wont to be
Great among *Nations*? greater far then any;
How tributary is she now to many?

She

Is it the *heat* of my *offences* make
The *Heav'ns* to melt, *(O Heav'n some pity take!)*
Or has thy *great discretion* thought it good
To send these *showres* to *wash away that blood*
VVhich I have lost; I know thy purer eyes
Cannot endure a bloody sacrifice.
O stop thy *bottle*, pity my *sad times*,
And grant to *me* more *tears* or fewer *crimes!*
Be pleas'd to view me with a gracious eye,
And let the lustre of thy *Majesty*
Reflect upon *me*, let thy *glorious light*
Create a day of *mercy*, that the *night*
Of *sin* may be expel'd; O hear my pray'rs
Usher'd unto thee with a tyde of *tears.*
To me, O let thy *mercies* be exprest,
And fill the *concave* of a sinful *brest*;
Sinful, *ah sinful*, more then I am able
VVith language to express, *intolerable:*
Behold my *festred Soul*, whose wounds proceed
From *sin*, and being drest with *sin*, they bleed;
They bleed (dear Heav'n) *they bleed*, O what a flood
A flood they make! and I am bath'd in *blood:*
O stop this *current* that does still begin,
Or I shall drown a *Kingdom* in my *sin:*
O look upon me, and in mercy please
To send me *salve* to *palliate* my disease:
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HOw doth the *City*, that was *bleſt* of *late* 1
With ſtore of *people*, now lament her *ſtate*?
How like a poor diſtreſſed *widow* ſhe
Deplores her ſorrows, that was wont to be
Great among *Nations*? greater far then any;
How tributary is ſhe now to many?

She

2 She drowns her blushing *cheeks* with midnight
And from her *lovers* can obtain no pray'rs: (tears,
Her *friends*, arm'd all with treachery, arise
And shew themselves her publique *enemies*:
3 Spur'd with affliction, *Judah's* forc'd to fly,
And throw her self into *Captivity*;
Because of sense-consuming servitude
She dwells amongst the *Heathen* multitude:
Her *Foes* o're-took her when she was distrest;
Well might she wish for, but could take no rest.
4 *Sion* is with redoubled grief surpriz'd,
Because her *feasts* by none are *solemniz'd*:
Her *Gates* are fill'd with *desolation*, and
Her *Virgins* tortur'd with *afflictions* hand:
Her *Priests* with sighs, heart-breaking sighs, express
Their grief: Ah *Sion's* fill'd with bitterness!
5 Her chiefest people are her chiefest *foes*;
Just Heav'n with these innumerable woes
Plagues her transgressions; and the enemy
Drives her dear *Children* to *Captivity*.
6 And that rare beauty, which adorn'd and grac'd
Sions dear daughter, is of late defac'd:
Her *Princes* fly, and ransack all about,
Like hungry *Harts*, to finde a pasture out:
They all are fled, and flying, can procure
No strength t'oppose the mercilesse *pursuer*.
7 But when *Jerusalem* was thus confin'd
T'afflictions lawless bounds, *she* call'd to minde
Her by-past pleasures, and those days which she
Had spent in *time-devouring Jollity*.

For

For now her *crying ſins* are grown ſo great, *(ſeat:* 8
That *Heav'n* hath thrown her from his *mercies*
All thoſe that lov'd her, yea and highly priz'd her,
Seeing her ſhameful *nakedneſs*, deſpis'd her:
She ſighs & turns her back, as though ſhe'd borrow
A private *breath* t'expreſs a publique *ſorrow*:
For being fill'd with wickedneſs, Her *end* 9
She never thought of, neither had ſhe *friend*
To comfort her: *O Lord my God, behold*
My great afflictions: Ah my foe grows bold,
And magnifies himſelf: His ſtretch'd-out hand 10
Hath ſpoyld the pleaſures of my fruitful Land:
The very Heathen, whom thou didſt deny
Thy Congregation, do contemn, defie
Thy juſt commands; and with unſeemly paces
Inforce an entrance to thy holy places.
Her *bread-deſiring* people, fill'd with *grief*, 11
Give their chief *treaſures* for a *ſmall relief*:
Behold, O Lord, conſider my diſtreſs,
For I am vile, and fill'd with wickedneſs.
Oh ſtop your haſty feet, ye that paſs by, 12
And look upon my new-bred *miſery*;
Sum up the totals of all grief, then borrow
A million more; 'Tis nothing to that *ſorrow*
Which I ſupport, wherewith the *angry power*
Hath pleas'd t'afflict me in *His* wrathful hour:
For he from his *all-ruling throne* hath ſent 13
Into my bones a fiery *Government*:
Yea, and his ever-active *hand* hath ſet,
T'inſnare my feet, a Heaven-contrived *net*:

And

And I am desolate, and fainting lie;
Being turn'd from *him*, am turn'd to *misery*.
14 Fast to my servile neck *He* hath bound on
The wreathed yoke of my transgression;
Impair'd my strength, and by *His* just commands
I'm thrown into my persecutors hands,
Where I, remorseless I, must still remain,
Voyd of all hope to be enlarg'd again.
15 *His* unresisted strength hath broke the *bones*,
And made a *footstool* of my *Mighty Ones*:
A great Assembly *He* hath call'd that may
Punish my *youngmen* that will not *obey*;
And *Judahs* fairest *Virgin Daughter's* trod
As in a Winepress by th' Almighty God.
16 And O these *sorrows*, O these *miseries*
Stir up a *tempest* in my clouded eyes!
Mine eyes, mine eyes, run o're, I dayly spend
More tears then any brain can apprehend:
My foes prevail, my children all are led
Into Captivity, my hopes are fled.
17 *Sion* spreads forth her feeble arms t'express
She seeks for *comfort*, but is *comfortless*.
The *Lord of hoasts* commands that *Jacobs* eyes
Shall round about him see his enemies;
And poor despis'd, distrest *Jerusalem*
Is as a *menstruous woman* amongst them.
18 My God is *just*, yet I, rebellious I,
Transgrest against his glorious Majesty:
O hear *my people*, let your ears but borrow
A minutes time, from *Time*, to hear my *sorrow*!

My

My *Virgins* and my *young men* all are fled
Into *Captivity*; my *Priests* are dead: 19
My *Friends* refuse to hear me when I call;
For want of *food* my hungry *Elders* fall.
O Lord, behold, see how I am oppreſt, 20
My heart thumps at the portals of my breſt:
Oh I have ſinned, and my *ſins* indite me; (me.
Abroad the *Sword,* at home grim *Death* affrights
My friends have heard my *groaning,* and my *grief* 21
Is known to them; But I know no *relief*:
My *foes* with clamorous voyces fill the *Earth,*
And make my *grief* the ſubject of their *mirth*:
But *Heav'n* hath nam'd a day when theſe my *foes*
Shall be *Co-partners* in my mock'd at *woes.*
O God, let not their faults be hid from thee, 22
But deal with them as thou haſt dealt with me:
My heart is faint, my ſtruggling *ſighs* are many,
My *griefs* too great to be expreſt by any.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

IF *thou wouldſt know, my* Soul, *what harms at-*
A ſinners *progreſs to his journeys end*; (tend
Here, here thou mayſt, if with impartial eyes
Thou will obſerve the unſatiate miſeries
Of poor Jeruſalem, *whoſe tedious* groans,
Whoſe ſighs, *and* ſobs, *and* tears, *the world bemoans*:

Obſerve her heedleſs ſteps, and thou ſhalt know
Sin *was the* Author *of her ſelf-will'd* Wo.
'Twas ſweet at firſt, but ſowre in th'event,
That little word aſſumes a large extent:
Where Sin *predominates, there we may find*
The inconvenience of a troubl'd mind:
For when the mind's *perplex'd, then we begin*
Either to fall to, or to fall from Sin:
For like the reſtleſs Sea ſhe's active ſtill,
And always agitating good *or* ill;
If well imploy'd, ſhe builds a wall *about*
The Soul, *to keep approaching* dangers *out:*
But if ſhe ſpends her thriftleſs hours in Evil,
She makes a banquet *to invite the* Devil,
Who with his ſubtle and miſguiding force
Will re-invite her to a ſecond courſe:
And then let Chriſtians *judg how much* diſquiet
That Soul *ſuſtains that loves the* Devils dyet.
Ah then my Soul, *if thou deſir'ſt to be*
Exempted from the lot *of* miſerie,
Make Heav'n *thy refuge; there thou mayſt be ſure*
To find contentment, and repoſe ſecure:
Thou needſt not fear, there is no poys'nous thing
Can wound that Soul *that truly loves his* King:
Nor all the malice *mortals can invent,*
Shall add to thee one mite of diſcontent:
There is no ſorrow, *no* calamity
T'oppreſs thy thoughts; *No wry-look'd* enemy
T'upbraid thy actions: *then my* Soul *adviſe*
How much it profits to be heav'nly wiſe.

Ah

Ah had Jeruſalem *(whoſe grief no* pen
Can e're engrave into the hearts of men)
Been wiſely wary, ſhe had never known
Thoſe late reap'd ſorrows, *which her* ſins *had ſown:*
Had ſhe but ſearch'd her boſom, *and contriv'd*
Her actions *well, her* glory *had ſurviv'd:*
Had ſhe with Davids *tears in time repented,*
Thoſe uncorrected ſins her heart lamented,
She had not felt thoſe judgments *which did wait*
Upon the ruines *of her falling* State:
But whilſt her eyes were muſſ'd and deluded,
Folly *came in, where* Reaſon *was excluded.*
Needs muſt that Kingdom unto ruine run,
Where Folly ſets and riſes with the Sun.
Like as the body that's oppreſs'd with grief
Can neither hope for, nor obtain relief,
Till the diſeaſe *be known: there's none can tell*
The rage *of* ſickneſs *that was always* well,
Even ſo Jeruſalem, *becauſe that ſhe*
Judg'd not the Reaſon *of her* Miſerie
Till ſhe was paſt recovery, *could never*
Have health reſtor'd her, but was ſick for ever.
Alas! alas! that Kingdom needs muſt fall,
That has a grief ſo Epidemical.
Had ſhe but like the Ninevites *in time*
Stop'd thoſe diſtemp'ring humors *which did climb*
Above her ſtrength, *her* grief *had quickly ended,*
And Heav'n *revok'd thoſe* judgments *he intended.*
Med'cines *are* vain things *when apply'd too late,*
And through delay a grief grows deſperate.

He that is Sin-ſick *is in bad condition,*
Except Heav'n pleaſe to be his Souls Phyſician:
And if God once deny his Patient bliſs,
Whoſe muſt the fault be, when the fault's not his?
Alas! alas! 'tis but in vain for any
To ſtrive to cure one grief, that had ſo many
As ſad Jeruſalem *had; her* plagues *were more*
Then all the world could reckon up before:
She had a Monop'ly, *ſhe need not borrow,*
She was the Hierogliphick *of all* ſorrow.
Yet if in time ſhe'd made repentant moan,
Heav'n could have cur'd them all *as well as* one.
There is no Sin, *let it be* great *or* ſmall,
But Heav'n can find a balſam *for them all.*
My Soul, *thou art my* Monarch, *therefore I*
May boldly look into thy Monarchy.
Firſt praiſe thou Heav'n, *then* learn to be content
With what he ſends thee; *let thy* government
Be ſtill Monarchical, *and fenc'd about*
With fervent prayers, *to keep* Sedition *out.*
Let watch *and* ward *be kept, leſt* Traytor Sin
Betray thee; Let not Faction *come within*
Thy liſts: *And ſtill be careful to ſurprize*
Rebellious thoughts, *as ſoon as they ariſe:*
For if they once appear within thy borders,
They'l breed confuſion, *and confus'd* diſorders.
Learn to be wiſely politick, *and be*
Ready to let Religion *counſel thee.*
Let Reaſon *be thy* guide, *and let thy* Laws
Be truly executed; *Let thy* Cauſe

Be

Be juſt and real: then my Soul, *be ſure*
To let thy fundamental Laws *endure*,
Till he that ſits on the refulgent Throne
Shall take thee hence, and keep thee for his own.

CHAP. II.

Contents.

1 *Jeremiah lamenteth the miſery of Jeruſalem.*
20 *He complaineth thereof to God.*

BEhold! *Heav'ns Metropolitan* hath ſpread 1
His gloomy clouds of *anger* on the head
Of ſad *Jeruſalem*: He hath deſtroy'd
Thoſe bounteous treaſures *Iſrael* enjoy'd;
And from his *mem'ry* hath his footſtool thrown,
When he with floods of *anger* was o'reflown.
And *Jacobs* habitations he unfram'd, 2
And wrathfully conſum'd them: Thus inflam'd
The ſtrongeſt Caſtles *Judahs* Daughter had,
He tumbled down, and made her people ſad:
And he, to ſhew what his grand power could do,
Defil'd the *Kingdom* and the *Princes* too.
His two-edg'd *paſſion* hath cut off the *horn*
And *Chief* of *Iſrael*, made him a *ſcorn*

To

To his deriding *Foes*, and also stayd,
Yea and withdrawn his *right hand* from his ayd:
His fury like an all consuming *flame*
Burn'd against *Jacob*, and devour'd his *name*.
4 His wrestless *arm* hath bent his yeelding *bow*;
He stood resolved like a dauntless *foe*:
And in the *Tabernacle* he hath slew
The eyes delight, like fire his anger flew.
5 He threw down *Israels* strongest *scituations*,
And fill'd *Jerusalem* with *lamentations*.
6 And like a fruitless *garden* hath layd voyd
Th'infected *Tabernacle*, and destroy'd
Th' *Assemblies structures*; and an angry wind
Hath blown their *Feasts*, and *Sabbaths* from his mind;
Both *Kings* & *Priests*, in anger he forgot,
And look'd on them as if he saw them not.
7 His *holy places*, and his *Altar* he
Abhor'd: and gave unto the *Enemie*
Her fairest *Palaces*: their ill-tun'd *voyces*
As on a *feast-day*, fill'd the *Church* with *noyse*.
8 His *hand* stretch'd forth a *line*, when he intended
To ruine *Sion* that so much offended:
He hath resolv'd *destruction*: therefore all
The *rampart* languish'd with the gliding *wall*.
9 He hath destroy'd, and batter'd down her *gates*,
The gaping *Earth* imbow'l'd all her *States*:
Her *King* and *Princes* dwell with *Gentiles*: and
Her *Laws* are banish'd from her *lawless land*.
Her *Prophets* gaze about the frowning skies,
Do represent no *vision* to their eyes.

Her

Her mournful *Elders* on the ground repose, 10
And silently consent unto their woes: (crown'd
They cloth'd themselves with *sackcloth*, and they
Their *heads* with *dust* they borrowed from the
No joys were pleasing to the eys of them (ground:
That were the *Virgins* of *Jerusalem*.
My bowels yern, my tear-distilling eyes 11
Are sore with gazing on the *miseries*
Of frail *Jerusalem*: Alas, the feet
Of her dear *sucklings* stagger in the street!
And like the wounded in the *City*, send 12
Their *sighs* for *food* unto their dearest *friend*:
And whilst they slumbred on their *mothers brest*,
They pour'd their *Souls* into *eternal rest*.
What shall I witness for thee, O thou *Gem*, 13
Thou pining *Daughter* of *Jerusalem*?
To what shall I compare thee? What can be,
O *Sions* Daughter, equal unto thee?
Let all the world recure thee, if they can;
For Ah, thy *breach* is like the *Ocean*!
Alas, thy purblind *Prophets* all have been 14
Hoodwink'd with *folly*, & *vain things* have seen:
But ne'er discover'd thine *iniquity*,
Which was the *cause* of thy *captivity*.
Their mis-informed *senses* were content
To see false *Reasons* for thy *Banishment*.
All that past by, and saw thee thus decaying, 15
Clapt their *rude hands*, yea hist at thee, *thus saying*;
Is this the *City* that the *Worldlings* call 16
Beauties perfection? This the *joy* of all?

Thy *foes* revile thee, and as they pass by
They gnash their teeth against thee; thus they cry,
This is the day we look'd for, now we know
She is destroy'd, we see her *overthrow.*
17 That which the *King* of *Heav'n* devised, now
He hath enacted and fulfil'd his *vow:*
He hath thrown down without remorse, O see,
Thy *adversaries* triumph over thee.
This hath th' *Almighty* done for them, at length
He made the strong, yea & advanc'd their *strength.*
18 They mov'd the *Lord* with their incessant cries;
O wall of Sions daughter, let thine eyes
Run down like rivers, give thy self no sleep;
Forget to *smile,* and practise how to *weep.*
19 *Arise, and in the silent night bemoan*
Thy grief; O cry unto th' Almighty One:
In the beginning of the watch implore
Thy growing sorrows; make a flood before
Th' Eternals face: O crave that he would please
To sent thy young, faint, hungry children ease.
20 Consider *Lord,* to whom thou'st done this great,
This unrepented *ill:* Shall *women* eat (lie
Their *span-long children?* Shall thy *slain Priests*
Tomb'd with thy *Prophet* in thy *Sanctuary?*
21 The *young* and *old* have shar'd in equal *harms,*
They lie and tumble in each others *arms:*
Upon the flinty streets my *Virgins* fall,
With my *young men;* the *sword* distriv'd them all:
Thus in thine *anger* hast thou struck them dead,
Thus hast thou kill'd, and never pitied.

As

As in a *ſolemn day*, my *terrors* round 22
About thou'ſt called, ſo that none was found
In the *Lords day* of *anger* to remain:
Thoſe that I ſwadled and brought up, in vain
I brought them up; the *enemy* inſum'd
Envy'd this *off-ſpring*, and their *days* conſum'd.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

SEe, ſee, my Soul, *what* Heav'n *hath done! O ſee*
What 'tis t'offend a pow'rful Majeſtie!
Go, go, and quickly tell the ſons of men
What 'tis to rouze a Lion *from his* Den:
Bid them *keep* peace *and* quietneſs *in* Sion;
Bid them *turn* Lambs, *or* Heav'n *will turn a* Lion.
Bid them *take notice*, ſhe *that was the* ſtem
Of honour, *now is poor* Jeruſalem.
Alas! alas! experience *made her know*
Griefs *abſtract*, *and the* quinteſcence *of* wo.
And ah my Soul! *who knows the* courſe *of* ſorrow?
There 'tis to day, it may be here to morrow.
Then have a care, let thy well-tutor'd grief
Know rather how to purchaſe a relief,
Then plagues *and* torments; *Let thy ſober* will
Be ſway'd by reaſon; *let thy* reaſon *ſtill*
Lead thee to meditation: *then begin*
To ſearch thy ſelf, and cypher up thy ſin.

Having

Having thus done, thou quickly wilt discry
Thy grief, and where th'imperious humors lie;
And having found them out, let no delay
Damage thy Soul, but quickly haste away;
And from the bottom of thy heart confess
Thy greatest sins; so Heav'n may make them less.
O kiss the Son; for if his anger be,
Yea but a little kindled, blest is he
Whose groping Soul his seal'd up mercies *found,*
And cast his anchor *in so firm a ground.*
Heav'n smiles on them whose oft-repeated pray'r
Expands their sins, & makes their God their cure.
But when revolting negligence *shall call*
Confounding ruine *from th'imperial hall*
Of Heav'ns high-seated Palace, and invite
A dreadful vengeance, to eclipse the light
Of a resplendent happiness; and double
The lab'ring Soul with interposing trouble:
Ah, then our pleasures *shall be turn'd to* toys,
And sudden grief *shall expiate our* joys!
And like Jerusalem, *confus'd shall we*
Wander and languish in obscuritie:
Then, then our down-cast spirits shall lament,
And mean their just deserved punishment:
Then shall our Peace be drawn unto an end,
Then shall we look for, but shall find no friend:
Then shall our sad Embassadors prepare,
And mount to Heav'n, but find no audience there:
Then shall our blubber'd eyes in vain let slide
Innumerable tears: then shall the Tyde

Of

Of Heav'ns high-flowing anger rage and roar,
And dash against our sin-polluted shore:
Then shall we run, and in our running, meet
Th'obvious sword in the blood-streaming street:
Then shall our hasty trembling feet retire
To our sad houses; there shall Death *require*
Th'arrears of sorrow: Lingring Famine *shall*
Like to a lean-cheek'd Fury grasp us all:
And from our stronting veins *shall squeez a flood,*
A luke-warm deluge of diffused blood.
Then shall our children *with their* midnight cries
Lament for food; *Then shall their* mothers eyes
Bedew their bosoms *with the falling* showres
Of dribling tears: *Then shall their lothed hours*
Haste to an end; And having thus expreſt
Their woes, *shall creep into* Eternal rest.
Then shall the early melancholly Bells
Sound mournful peals *for their sad last* farewels.
Ah now my Soul! *Can any* griefs *out-vy*
Such griefs *as these? Can any* heart *deny*
The justnels *of these* Judgments? *If they do,*
May they feel Sodoms *and* Gomorrahs *too.*
Heav'n cannot be unjust; No, no, 'tis we
Provoking sinners *are unjust, not* he.
Shall we offend, and shall we every day
Hale down his Judgments *on our backs, then lay*
The burthen of our faults on him, and crave
Like Traiton Judas, Master, is it I?
No, no, we must not; but let every one
Unbosom all his actions, and make known

His

His misdemeanors; *then if any can*
Plead himself guiltless, *he's a* happy man.
Find out but ten good men, *and for their sake*
Heav'n will deduct a thousand plagues, *and shak*
Ten thousand *more from his incensed* breast,
And for their sakes will give ten thousand *rest.*
Sodom *can witness* Heav'n *brooks no denyal,*
He *had sav'd* all, *had* ten *been found but loyal.*
Oh blind *and* foolish *is that* City, *when*
Ten thousand *doubled cannot number* ten.

CHAP. III.

Contents.

1 *The faithful bewail their calamities.* 22 *By the mercies of God they nourish their hopes.* 37 *They acknowledge Gods justice.* 55 *They pray for deliverance,* 64 *and vengeance on their enemies.*

1 I Is *I* have seen *affliction* by the *rod,*
The impetuous anger of the *wrathful God.*
2 He with a *pitchy darkness* mask'd my *sight,*
And hath not *cloth'd me* with the *robes of light.*
3 He turn'd *his hand* against me all the *day;*
4 He broke my *bones,* and made my *flesh* decay.

His

His *lab'ring fury* hath built up a *wall* 5
Againſt *me*, and ſurrounded *me* with *gall*.
In *dungeon places* he me ſet, like *thoſe* 6
Which in their *graves* have had a long *repoſe*.
And he hath made my toilſom *chains* to be 7
Heavy; *He hedg'd me from my libertie*.
And when *I* ſhout and cry he will not hear, 8
But makes *my pray'r* a *ſtranger* to his *ear*.
He hath incloſed me with *ſtones* that ſtay 9
My haſty *ſteps*, he hath incurv'd my *way*.
And as a *lurking Bear* obſerves my *paces*, 10
Or as a *Lion* in the ſecret *places*.
He turn'd *me* from my *ways*, diſturb'd my *ſtate*, 11
Pull'd *me* in *pieces*, made *me deſolate*.
He bent his *Bow*, and made *my* trembling *heart* 12
The aym'd-at *object* of his *fatal dart*.
He caus'd his *quivered gueſts* t'inforce my *veins*, 13
And take a *large poſſeſſion* in my *reins*.
I was my *peoples* laughing *ſtock*, their *ſong* 14
Was tuned to my *miſchief* all day long.
He fill'd me full of *bitterneſs* and *wo*, (too. 15
And made *me drunk* with nauſeous *wormwood*
He brake my *teeth* with *gravel ſtones*, and *he* 16
With heaps of *aſhes* hath involved *me*.
Baniſh'd my *Soul* from *Peace*, *Proſperity* 17
Is quite relapſed from my *memory*.
I ſaid, my *ſtrength*, my very *hope* is even 18
Waſted and periſh'd from the *Lord* of *Heav'n*.
Ponder my *woes*, and my *afflictions* all, 19
Remember both the *honey* and the *gall*.

20 These things do still in my *remembrance* rest,
And *ah*, my *Soul* is humbled in my *breſt*!
21 This I recall to my *ſwift-roving mind*,
Therefore I hope, and hoping, hope to find.
22 It is the *mercy* of the *Lord* we ſail
So ſafe; for his compaſſions never fail.
23 They're every morning new; thy *faithfulneſs*
Is great, and greater then I can expreſs.
24 The *Lord's* my portion, ſaith my *Soul*; and I
Will therefore hope unto *Eternity*.
25 And that *juſt Soul*, which dayly ſhall attend
Upon the *Lord*, ſhall never want a *friend*.
26 'Tis good that man ſhould hope and wait upon
Th' *Almighties* pleaſure and *ſalvation*.
27 'Tis good for *man* to exerciſe the *truth*,
And bear the *yoke* of his offending *youth*.
28 He ſits alone, and ſilently makes known,
He bears no other burthen then his *own*.
29 His humbled *mouth* ſalutes the duſty *ground*,
As if ſome hopes of *mercy* may be found.
30 He's fill'd with *ſhame*, he willingly invites
T'a ſecond *ſtroke* the hand of him that *ſmites*.
31 For they that ſtrive, and really endeavor,
God will not leave, nor caſt them off for ever.
32 He will have pity, though he ſends a grief;
In multitudes of mercy lies relief.
33 He doth not puniſh, nor augment the *ſmart*
Of ſinners *children* with a willing *heart*.
34 His *feet* take no delight to cruſh to *death*
Th' offending *priſ'ners* of th' inferior *earth*.

To

To turn away *mans* right (his heart abhors) 35
Before the face of their *superiors*.
And to subvert a *man* in his just cause, 36
The *Lord* approveth not, 'tis not his *Laws*. (say,
And who is he whose spend-thrift *tongue* dare 37
This thing shall come to pass, when *Heav'n* says
Out of the mouth of him that's *God* indeed (*nay*? 38
There doth not *evil*, but known *good* proceed.
Why doth a living *man* with grumbling thoughts 39
Complain as one that's punisht for his faults?
Let's search, let's try our *ways*, let's turn again 40
To *God*, and he will turn away our *pain*.
And let our hands b'extended with our *Souls* 41
To Heav'ns *Star-chamber*, where our God con-
We have rebelliously transgrest, and *thou*, (trouls. 42
Thou hast not pard'ned with a cheerful *brow*.
Thine *anger* hath o'reshadowed us, thou hast 43
Slain without pity, we thy *anger* taste. (let
Th'ast vail'd thy self with *clouds*, which will not 44
Our *prayers* pass thorough to discharge *our debt*.
And as th'off-scouring thou, *O Lord*, hast made us 45
Amongst those *factious people* that betray'd us.
Our greedy *enemies* have op'ned wide 46
Their *mouths* against us, and our *pains* deride.
Fear, like a *snare*, incloses us about, 47
And *desolation* will not keep *without*.
Mine *eyes* run down like hasty *floods* of *water*, 48
For the destruction of my *peoples Daughter*.
Mine *eyes* are full, and *tears* do stream upon 49
My *cheeks* without an *intermission*:

50 Till *Heav'n* look'd down on my *enriver'd face*,
And view'd my weeping from his *holy place*.
51 Mine *eyes* affect my *pining heart* with *pity*,
Becauſe of all the *Daughters* of my *City*.
52 And cauſleſs (like a *frighted bird* that flies)
I ſtill am chaſed by my *enemies*.
53 They have deſtroy'd me in the *dungeon*, nay
They caſt a *ſtone* upon me where *I lay*.
54 Th'imperious *waves* mounted above my *head*,
And then I cry'd, *Alas, alas*, I'm *dead*.
55 I call'd upon thy Name (O Lord;) my voyce
Out of the *dungeon* made a dreadful *noiſe*.
56 Th'aſt heard my *cries*, Oh let thy *ears* not lie
Hid from the breathing of my doleful *cry*.
57 And in that day when I on thee did call,
Thou cam'ſt, *and bid me never fear at all*.
58 And when my *Soul* (O Lord) was fil'd with *ſtrife*,
Thou didſt both *plead* my *cauſe*, and ſave my *life*.
59 And thou haſt plainly ſeen my wrong'd eſtate;
Judg *thou* my *cauſe*, be *thou* my *Advocate*.
60 For *thou* haſt ſeen *their vengeance*, *thou* doſt ſee
Their deep imaginations againſt *me*.
61 Thou their *reproach* haſt heard, and apprehended
What againſt *me* their buſie *thoughts* intended.
62 *Thou* know'ſt the very *lips* of *them* that roſe
Againſt *me*, and the *malice* of my *foes*.
63 Behold their *ſitting* and their *riſing*, I
Am all their *muſick*, and their *melody*.
64 Render to *them* a recompence, O God,
And let them feel *thy handy-work*, *thy rod*.

Oh

O give *them* grief of *heart*; O let *them* burſt 65
With dregs of *ſorrow*, let them be accurſt.
And let *thy* angry perſecuting *hand* 66
Deſtroy, confound, and ſweep them from the Land.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

COme, come, my Soul, *do not obnubilate*
Thy ſelf with ſmoky pleaſures, *nor create*
More vain delights *to pleaſe thy* toyiſh minde:
Be ſerious now; let pleaſures be confin'd.
Th' Almighty's *angry, and his angry* Breath
Expreſſes nothing but reſolved Death.
His wrath *is kindled, and his* furious hand
Threatens a ruine *to a ſinful* Land.
His bow *is* bent; *behold he ſtands prepar'd,*
'Tis he, 'tis he, *that will not be out-dar'd:*
And ſhould his roving meſſenger *impart*
A ſecret ſorrow *to a private* heart;
What then? Can all the balſams *may be found*
Recure ſo great, *ſo* terrible *a* wound?
No, no: O then let thy diſcerning eye
Be truly watchful; *for* diſcovery
Oft-times prevents a miſchief: *he's a* ſtranger
To Heav'ns high Court, *that thinks t'outbrave a*
Behold (my ſoul) thou art inviron'd round (danger
With troops of adverſaries; *hark, they ſound*

Their vilifying trumpets : *hark, they mock,*
And make thy ſorrows *but their* laughing ſtock.
Doſt thou not hear them, how they ſhout and cry,
As though they'd cleave th'unſeparable sky ?
O be not deaf ; rouze up thy ſelf, *advance*
Thy backward thoughts, *ſleep not in* ignorance.
Provoke not Heav'n *too much : O do not ſtill*
Urge more and more his moſt unwilling will.
Obſerve but how unpleaſantly his arm
Draws up his bow, as one that's loath to harm.
Methinks I hear him ſay, O can ye *tell !*
Why will ye *dye*, ye houſe of Iſrael ?
Methinks I hear his never-ending breath
Breathe a diſdain againſt a ſinners death.
Methinks I hear his grieved ſpirit *ſay,*
Ye *that are weary*, come, *O* come *away,*
And lay your burthens *on my* back, *and I*
Will bear them all ; *I'l bear them* willingly ;
Why will ye dye ? *why will* ye *ſhut your* eyes,
And thus run head-long after vanities ?
Open your Adder ears, *come and rejoyce*
With me *and* mine ; *let my* harmonious voyce
Invite you : *Ah, what* pleaſures *can accrue,*
From ſhadows, to ſuch ſubſtances as you ?
Caſt off the works of darkneſs, *let true* light
Expel thoſe miſts : *O* come *when I* invite.
What do ye *mean ? O tell* me, *tell* me *why*
Ye love to tumble in impurity ?
Ah now my Soul ! *let admiration prove*
That Heav'n's *compos'd of nothing but of* Love

O Love beyond expreſſion! *My deſerts*
(Rather then Mercy*) claim a thouſand* darts.
Call home thy wandring thoughts, *and let* them *all*
(Like ſervants) be obedient to thy Call.
Examine them; the very beſt *will ſhow,*
Thy beſt deſerts *are but an* overthrow.
Review thy actions; *ſee if* they *can yeeld*
One grain of comfort: *ſee if* they *can ſhield*
Thy threatned ſtate: *The more men ſtrive to ſmo-*
Their ſins, the more one ſin begets another. *(ther*
Then fly, dull ſoul, *to Heav'ns high* Court, *& there*
Melt, melt, *into an* everlaſting tear.
Attone thy God, *let not thy* tongue *deny*
The truth *to* him, *when* he *ſhall ask* thee, *why,*
Why haſt thou *done this* wickedneſs? *Confeſs,*
'Tis thou *haſt ſinn'd, 'tis* he *that muſt depreſs*
That head-increaſing Hydra: *Then ſhalt* thou
Behold with what a voluntary brow
He'l entertain thee, *and thoſe* joys *impart*
To thee, *which wait upon a* contrite heart.
He will have pity, *though* he *ſends a* grief:
In multitudes of mercy lies relief.
The God of Love *did never take delight*
To mantle ſinners *with the clouds of* night.
He's an indulgent Father, *and his* care
Infinite, as all his mercies *are.* (run:
Compoſe thy numerous thoughts, my Soul, and
O tell that Father, thou wilt be his Son.

Chap. IV.

Contents.

1 *Sion bewaileth her pitiful eſtate:* 13 *She confeſſeth her ſins.* 21 *Edom is threatned.* 22 *Sion is comforted.*

1 How is the *gold* grown dim! how is the fine
The pureſt changed, that was wont to ſhine
The *ſtones* that pav'd the *Sanct'ary* are thrown
Into the *ſtreets*, for *beaſts* to trample on.
2 The ſons of *Sion*, which I could compare
To fineſt *gold*, behold, ſee now they are
Eſteem'd as *earthen pitchers*, which the hands
Of the induſtrious *Potter* ſtill commands.
3 The ill-ſhap'd *monſters*, which the *Ocean* owns
As *proper gueſts*, nouriſh their little ones:
But ah, my *Daughters* are grown pitileſs,
Like *Oſtriches* within the wilderneſs.
4 The wordleſs tongues of thirſty *children* cleave
To their unliquid mouths; they never leave
Their integrating cries: *Poor hearts* in vain
They cry for *food*, but can no *food* obtain.
5 And they that fed upon delicious ſweets,
Are deſolate in the unquiet ſtreets:

The

They that were brought up in a ſcarlet dreſs,
Embrace a *dunghil* as their happineſs.
For ah, my peoples *Daughter* ſuffers more 6
For her great ſins, then *Sodom* did before.
Her beautified *Nazarites* could ſhow 7
A purer white then *milk*, whiter then ſnow;
Their *bodies* then the *rubies* were more red,
With ſhining *Saphire* were they poliſhed.
But now their changed viſages excel 8
The *coal* in blackneſs; they that knew them well,
Now know them not: their fleſh adheres & ſticks:
Unto their bones, they are like with'red ſticks:
Thoſe that are raviſht of their fading breath 9
By the *encountring ſword*, enjoy a death
Tranſcending theirs, whoſe lingring ſouls are pinde
For want of *food*: *Ah Famine's never kinde!*
The woful *women* boyl their young, they have 10
Turn'd their own fruitful *bellies* to a *grave*.
The Lord hath now accompliſhed his *ire*, 11
Pour'd out his ſtreaming *anger*, caus'd a fire
To flame in *Sion*, which devour'd and layd (made,
Thoſe buildings waſte, which their own hands had
The wiſeſt *Kings*, nor the worlds copious Nations 12
Did ever think to ſee theſe great invaſions
Of the unbridled *foe*, whoſe head-long courſes
Divides her gates with their divided forces.
The *Prieſts* & *Prophets* crimeleſs blood have ſhed; 13
Their ſins drew down this miſchief on their head.
Like thoſe they wander, whoſe benighted eyes 14
Attract no light from the all-lightning skies:

They have themſelves polluted, ſo that none
Can touch their clothes; *they are with blood o're-*
15 The *people* cry, depart, what do ye mean? *(flown.*
Depart, depart, touch not, it is unclean:
The *Heathen*, as they fled together, cry'd,
With us they ſhall not *ſojourn*, nor abide.
16 *Gods* anger hath divided them; he never
Will love them more, but caſt *them* off for ever:
They diſ-reſpected *Prieſts*, and they forgot
The *graveſt Elders*, whom they pitied not.
17 But as for *us*, our help-beguiled eyes
Fail'd us as yet, no comfort would ariſe
To us; we watch'd for *Nations*, but their pow'r
Could not protect us from ſo great a ſhowre.
18 They hunt our ſteps, our oft-extended feet
Cannot divide their paces in the ſtreet:
Our end is neer, and our days total ſum
Is now fulfil'd, for now our end is come.
19 Our *perſecuters*, our tormentors are
Swifter then *Eagles* that enforce the ayr:
Upon the mountains they purſu'd us; *They*,
To trap our feet, in *ambuſhcado* lay.
20 Thoſe *pits*, which they for ruine have appointed,
Inclos'd our *Souls delight*, *the Lords Anointed*;
Under whoſe *ſhadow* we ſhall live, we ſaid,
Amongſt the *Heathens*; thus are we diſmay'd.
21 O *Edoms daughter*, now ſtretch out thy voyce,
Be glad; and for a time in *Uz* rejoyce:
This cup ſhall paſs along to *thee*, thou ſhalt
Be *drunk* and *naked*, 'cauſe thou didſt revolt.

Thy

Thy plagues expire, O *Sions daughters!* he 22
No more will lead thee to *captivity:*
But *Edom,* O lament, lift up thine eyes,
For Heav'n will visit thy iniquities.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

Distracted Sion, *having spent her days*
In supine negligence, *stands in a maze,*
Not knowing what to do: her wonted joys
Yeeld torment, not contentment, seeming toys,
And childish trifles, *which perplex her more,*
Then thousand pleasures pleasur'd her before.
And now her alienated minde begins
To ruminate upon her former sins:
Her studious thoughts recount what precious time
She spent in folly; *weighing every crime*
In equal balance, *posing them aright,*
Findes them too heavy, and her self too light.
And like a frighted bird, *her winged minde*
Flies up and down, thinking some rest to finde
In sorrows *wilderness: But ah, who can*
Finde a lost Jewel in the Ocean!
Now we may see how her embraced folly
Is quite dissolved into melancholly.
And those lascivious hours, which she hath spent,
Seem like grim Marshals *giving punishment*

To an offending wretch: *As in a dream,*
The fancy makes each object seem extream;
And why? because the judgment which should
Th'unruly fancy, *sleeping's layd aside:* (guide
The senses once lock'd up, the fancy *may*
Not onely claim a priviledg to play,
But to delude, and represent those things
To meanest Subjects, *which belong to* Kings;
Which makes the flatter'd Senses *even dance,*
And leap for joy, *and striving to advance*
Themselves, awake; and finding all's but vain,
Reason steps in, and makes them poor again.
Even thus was poor Jerus'lem *lull'd asleep*
With fancy-pleasing pleasure, which did keep
A rendezvouz *within her, lest that doubt*
Should interpose, and put the fancy out
Of frame; And by a more diviner art
Should breed a Meditation *in her heart.*
For when the wak'ned Senses once have gain'd
The upper hand, the fancy *is restrain'd,*
And curb'd by judgment; *Reason too survives*
Again, and claims her own Prerogatives:
The apprehension *with her new-got pow'r*
Begins to taste and apprehend how sowre
Her sweets are grown: Ah then she cries! I see
I'm turn'd to nothing, being turn'd from thee,
My great Redeemer, *I have quite exil'd*
Thy mercies from my bosom, and revil'd
Thy just commands, *presuming oftentimes*
To urge, with my reiterated crimes,

Thy

Thy long-continued patience; *and expreſt*
No grief at all from my obdurate breſt.
My eyes were ſtill laborious to diſcover
New vanities; and like a heedleſs lover,
Whoſe beauty-dazled eyes do onely view
The Superficies, ſeeking not how true
The heart remaineth, but can fondly be
Content with beauties bare Epitomie.
And thus my raſh advent'ring Soul went on,
(Pleaſures admit no intermiſſion
To them, whoſe hearts are envious to obtain
A preſent pleaſure, but a future pain:)
And ah, *how quickly's yeelding fleſh and blood*
Surpriz'd and conquer'd by a ſeeming good!
A Good *that's* good *for nothing but t'invite*
Fond Souls *to ruine, and o'revail the light*
Of real Truth: *and with enforc'd deluſions*
Makes them take pleaſure in their own confuſions.
Since then, my Soul, no pleaſures can be found
In this baſe Center; *let thy thoughts rebound*
From this faſtidious Orb; *learn to advance*
Thy ſelf above the frowns, the reach of chance:
And let th'extent of thy ambition be
Onely to purchaſe an Eternitie
Of happineſs, which ſhall perpetuate,
And make thee glorious in a glorious ſtate.
Divorce thy ſelf from thy unſum'd-up faults,
Protract no time, but clarifie thy thoughts.
Command thy ſelf, and thou ſhalt be reputed
A moſt deſerving Victor: *not confuted*

By any, though their noble acts may claim
A true inheritance to a lasting Fame.
For he that gives himself an overthrow,
Conquers a Kingdom, and subdues a foe.
Then arm thy self, my Soul, *and strive t'out-dare*
Satans *attempts; be studious to prepare*
Thy self, and let thy adversary *see*
When he is strongest, th'art as strong as he.
Let not his vain delusions interpose
'Twixt thee and Heav'n: *O do not thou expose*
Thy self to wilful danger, but endevor
T'accost his actions; *but beleeve him never.*
Thou seest how poor Jerusalem *bewails*
Her sad disasters; how she stoops, and fails
Beneath the burthen of her grief, *and cries,*
O boundless grief! O vaineſt vanities!
O dream thou not of transitory things,
Which are unconstant, having secret wings
To fly away; and flying will confound
Thy better parts, and give thy Soul *a wound.*
Be wary then, and let thy thought concur
With Heav'ns commands, and so will he tranfer
His Kingdom to thee, full of lasting treasure,
Where nothing's greater then the smalleſt plea-
(sure.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

REmember, *Lord*, what's come upon us; ſee, 1
Ponder the greatneſs of our *infamy*.
Strangers inherit that which is our due, 2
Our *habitation*'s turn'd to *aliens* too.
For we are *Orphans*, and all fatherleſs, 3
Our *Mothers* are as *Widows* in diſtreſs.
We buy our *Water*, (O unhappy fate!) 4
And purchaſe *fuel* at too dear a rate.
Our *necks* are perſecuted and unbleſt, 5
And ſtill we labor, but obtain no reſt.
Unto the *Egyptians* we our hand have ſpread, 6
Deſiring to be ſatisfied with *bread*.
Our buried *fathers* ſin'd in former times, 7
And we have born the burthen of their *crimes*.
Servants have rul'd us, and there's none that will 8
Deliver us, but let them rule us ſtill.
With peril of our *lives* we have obtain'd 9
Our bread, becauſe the *ſword* was unreſtrain'd.
Our skins are black, like to an *oven*, and dry, 10
Becauſe the *Famine* caus'd a *Tyranny*.
Sion and *Judahs daughter* have been led 11
Away, and violently *raviſhed*.
Princes are hang'd up by the hands; the faces 12
Of *Elders* have no honor but diſgraces.

They

13 They made the *young men* grinde; the *children*
Fainted beneath the burthen of their *wood.* (bloo
14 The *Elders* at their gates did not abide,
The *young mens* muſick too is layd aſide.
15 The joy is ceas'd which was our hearts relief,
Our *active dancing*'s turn'd to *paſſive grief.*
16 The *crown* is fallen from our *heads*; and wo,
Wo be to us that have offended ſo.
17 Our hearts are faint, and our ſuffuſed eyes
Are dim, becauſe of theſe calamities.
18 Becauſe that *Sions* mountain's deſolate,
The *foxes* walk thereon to recreate
19 Themſelves: But thou, O *Lord*, ſhalt ſit on high
Upon thy Throne, unto *Eternity.*
20 Wherefore doſt thou forſake *us*, and demure
Thy ſelf ſo long from *us*, that ſeem ſecure:
21 Turn thou, and we are turn'd; Lord we implore
Renew our days, as thou haſt done before.
22 But thou haſt quite rejected us, and *thou*
Beholdſt thy ſervants with an angry brow.

Meditatio in Capitulum.

COmplaining, *what is that? will that relieve*
Impris'ned ſouls, *or teach thẽ how to grieve*
Tell me, ſad Soul, *can greater* wants *converſe*
With fleſh *and* blood? *nay, what more laſting* curſe
Can be entail'd on man, *then to complain*
To ſuch an ear *as will not once retain*

The

The leaſt expreſſion of a grief, *but cry,*
Let woe attend him to Eternity?
O diſmal ſentence! and if this be all,
'Twould grieve a man that e're he griev'd at all,
To be thus harſhly anſwer'd, and excluded
From hopes of mercy; *Be not thus deluded*
Deſpairing Soul.

Jeruſalem, *'tis true, ſhe did complain;*
And was that all? O no, her tongue *did chain*
A prayer *to her* Petition, *and her* eyes
Were dayly trickling for her miſeries.
Where is that man, *that if he chance to be*
Deprived of his goods *by* robberie,
Will ſit complaining by himſelf, and try
No lawful means for a recovery
Of what he loſt? ſhould we not deem him mad,
To loſe that good, *which might be eaſily had,*
If ſought? This Proverb *calls it to my minde,*
He that will ſpare to ſeek, muſt ſpare to finde.
Even ſo, if Satan, *whoſe depriving pow'r*
Shall take a watch'd advantage, and devour
The Manna *of our* Souls, *ſhall we then ſay,*
'Tis gone, 'tis gone, Satan *has ſtoln't away?*
And ah, can theſe, theſe naked words *recal*
A loſt eſtate? *O no, 'twill but enthral*
Our happineſs *the more, and make our* grief
The more extream, admitting no relief.
My Soul, *if* Satan *e're ſhall make attempt*
Upon thy weakneſs, *lab'ring to exempt*

And Win *thee from thy self; go and make known*
Thy cauſe *to* Heav'ns Judg-Advocate: *bemoan*
Thy ſelf with tears; *complain, confeſs, and pray:*
God loves confeſſion, *but abhors* delay.
Run, run unto him, *that thou mayſt prevent*
The wrath *and* cenſure *of his* Parliament.
Go, go, for there thou ſhalt be ſure to finde
Abundance link'd together in one minde.
There is no faction, *no* diviſions *there,*
But all are ſetled in one hemiſphere
Of true Opinion: There is none t'expect
A bribe; *or elſe without a* bribe *neglect*
To agitate thy buſineſs, *or exact*
Upon thy guiltleſs conſcience, *or enact*
Their ſeveral humors: *There is none to bring*
Thy Soul *in danger, 'cauſe th'aſt lov'd thy* King,
Thy heav'nly King, *by whom thou ſhalt poſſeſs*
A true and no exciſed happineſs.
O endleſs joy! *a* joy *that far tranſcends*
The deepeſt thoughts; *a* joy *that never ends.*
Be raviſh'd, O my Soul! *and meditate*
Upon Jeruſalem: *Let her ſad ſtate*
Be as a caveat *to thee; let her* fall
Teach thee to ſtand: let her deteſted gall
Prove honey *to thee; ſo mayſt thou derive*
Thy welfare *from her* ſorrows, *and ſurvive*
In everlaſting bliſs: Peace *beyond meaſure*
Shall crown thee with viciſſitude of Pleaſure.
Play well thy game, and ſo will Heav'n extend
His liberal grace, and bleſs thee in the End.

DIVINE

DIVINE MEDITATIONS.

Meditation we may fitly call
The *Souls Arithmetitian*, ſumming all
Our *ſins* together; Nay, and every day
Cyphers them up, and teaches us to pray;
Then let us meditate, and ſtrive to do
What our *Arithmetitian* leads us too.

He that will true examples *learn to give,*
Firſt let him learn to dye, *and then to* live:
Prefer the ſureſt firſt; for you *and* I
Uncertain are to live, *but ſure to* dye.

MEDITAT. I.

Pelion is fallen upon *Oſſa's* back,
The more I cry for *help*, the more I lack.

There's

There's none will look upon *me*, how I lie
In the *Charybdis* of perplexity.
Escaping *Scylla*, O I thought I'd been
Past danger, but Charybdis *was not seen.*

Meditat. 2.

I'm now benighted, and obscur'd from light,
My *day* of pleasure's turn'd into a night
Of *clouded sorrow*; Grief comes sailing on,
Steer'd by the hand of my *Rebellion.*
Heav'n stop *his* passage, may he never rest
Within the harbor of my tender brest.

Meditat. 3.

What have *I* done? or what have *I* deserv'd,
That I am thus imprison'd, and reserv'd
For *death* and *sad destruction?* Nay, but why,
Why do I ask, what *I have done?* To dye,
To dye, 'tis too too little, could a worse,
A worse succeed, I have deserv'd the curse.

Meditat. 4.

I have displeased *Heav'n*, where shall I fly
To hide my self from his offended *eye?*
If *rocks*, or *caves*, could hide me from my *sin*,
There, there I'd go, and hide my self within

The

he bowels of the *Earth*, till Heav'n ſhould ſay,
The night of ſin is gone, and now 'tis day.

MEDITAT. 5.

What if I ſtorm'd *Heav'ns Paradiſe* with prayers,
nd ſo beſieg'd it with an *hoſt* of tears?
What if I undermin'd and layd a train
o blow it up with ſighs? 'twere but in vain:
o *ſtorm, beſiege*, all is but labour ſpent,
Except I could, as *David* did, *Repent*.

MEDITAT. 6.

pent: O what a ſound that word imports!
how it penetrates! How many ſorts
f *Ecchoes* anſwer it! Repent of all;
e that leaves one, repents of none at all.
: that will learn how to repent, and *when*,
Firſt let him ſtrive to be a David, *then*.

MEDITAT. 7.

nd art thou ſtill diſquieted, my *Soul*?
uſt thou in *God*; in God, that doth controul
oth *Heav'n* and *Earth*: 'tis he that muſt and ſhal
fear'd and *honor'd*, yea and lov'd withall.
s *he* can ſend *Jobs* torments, and his wo;
'Tis We muſt pray to have his patience too.

MEDITAT. 8.

Fain would I come before my *angry God*,
But that my *sinful years* still fear the Rod
Of his *Correction*, yet appear I must;
Sure, sure he's *merciful*, as well as *just*:
Cheer up *dejected Soul*, and thou shalt see
His mercy's greater then thy sins can be.

MEDITAT. 9.

Can *Heav'n* forget himself, or can *he* say
That thing o're *night*, he cannot do next *day*?
Can *friends* forget their *children*, or deny
Their *dearest blood*? or can a *mountain* fly?
Heav'n says, he'l be a *Father* till the end:
Then he's a fool that doubts so true a friend.

MEDITAT. 10.

A *friend indeed*, but how can *I* expect
To purchase *friendship* by my own *neglect*?
For ah, how often hath *Heav'n* pleas'd to say,
Ye that are heavy loaden, come away,
And I will give you ease? Alas! but I
Thought sin no burthen, neither thought to ly

MEDITAT. 11.

But now I see the frailty of my *mind*;
I thought I was impriſon'd, when confin'd
Only one hour to goodneſs; nay, that hour
I thought a year, until I had the power
To free my ſelf; when freed, I had forgot
What goodneſs was, as though I'd heard it not.

MEDITAT. 12.

And ſhould I ſtrive to reckon up my *ſins*,
How can he make an *end*, that ſtill *begins*?
The ſands upon the *Sea-ſhore*, nay, and the hair
Upon my *head*, are *Cyphers* in compare
Of my *exceſſive ſins*, yet *Heav'n* can call
Me, as he did the ſpend-thrift Prodigal.

MEDITAT. 13.

I know my *ſins* are great, and do increaſe
Within my *Sion*, and diſturb my *Peace*:
O what am I (*dear Heav'n!*) I am thy *creature*,
My *ſins* are great, but yet thy *mercy's* greater.
Pardon (*bleſt Heav'n,*) forgive what I have done;
Thou art my Father, own me as thy Son.

Meditat. 14.

It is a happineſs to ſcorn the *mirth*
Of this confuſed tranſitory *Earth*:
And *he* who is ambitious to create
A happineſs, muſt make the *world* his *hate*:
Then if ſelf-love appear, we know for what;
We love our ſelves in truly hating that.

Meditat. 15.

Life is the *liſes* preparative, and *Death*
The deprivation of unconſtant *breath*.
A well directed *life* ſhall always find
Society in *Death*; a glorious mind
Shall have a glorious, a celeſtial friend
To guard his glory to a glorious end.

Meditat. 16.

But can a mind, enammel'd with the *glory*
Of *Heav'n*, have *end*? or elſe is *Death a ſtory*?
Death is the end of *Life*, and yet we ſee
Life is deriv'd from *Death's* ſoveraignetie.
'Tis quickly known, the *Death* of *Sin* muſt giv
The para'ned Soul a priviledg to live.

MEDITAT. 17.

Heav'n is the *seat* of Happiness, and *Hell*
The place of *fury*, where the *Furies* dwell.
Then mount my *Soul* upon the spreading wings
Of lofty *Faith*; fly towards the *King* of *Kings*:
Whilest here thou shalt inhabit, learn to know,
That Heav'n's too high for them that fly too low.

MEDITAT. 18.

I am but sordid *earth*, that's dayly plow'd
With *grief* and *care*; and sorrows hourly croud
Into my weak *dominions*, and remain
Like greedy *Tenants*, thirsting after gain.
My eyes are always open to behold
New woes, for I am form'd in sorrows mould.

MEDITAT. 19.

I am a reeling *Pinnace*, and I sail
From *Port* to *Port*; sometimes a humble gale
Salutes my *spreading sails*, and by and by
The *Waves*, contemning my prosperity,
Spit in my *face*, being hurried by their *tydes*,
They seem to crawl into my sweating sides.

Meditat. 20.

I am a clouded *day*, I promise rain:
Sometimes I'm stormy, and then clear again;
Sometimes the *Sun of Peace* begins t'appear,
But cannot shine in sorrows *Hemisphere*:
Saddest of thoughts, needs must he be distrest
That finds inconstant weather in his breast.

Medatat. 21.

I am a *vapor*, having not the power
T'endure the fervor of one shining *hour*:
Vapors cannot withstand a *mid-days heat*;
Afflictions must be hot, where *sins* are great:
'Tis not unlike, a misty morning may
Oft-times prove usher to a glorious day.

Medatat. 22.

I am a *trembling reed*, and every day
The *wind* and *I* are subject to a fray:
I'm bruis'd, and shall be broken, if some hand
Sustain me not, I shall forget to stand:
But stay my *Soul*, and hear Jehovah speak,
I vow, the bruised reed I will not break.

Meditat. 23.

I am but *earth*, corrupted with my deeds,
Which are but like unprofitable weeds;
My *soil* is rank and barren, and it bears
No *grain* at all, no not so much as *tears*: (how,
Wouldst thou increase (my Soul,) I'le teach thee
Sow but the seeds of Faith, God speeds the plow.

Meditat. 24.

Despair not, when *affliction* plows the ground,
Doubt not *increases*, if the seed be sound;
Heav'n loves a *fruitful harvest*, and his hand
Is always *active* to manure the *Land*;
He takes the chiefest care, the greatest pains,
He crowns the work, 'tis we that reap the gains.

Meditat. 25.

Man's like a *house*, whose outward beauty may
Yield pleasure to the eye; If we survey
The inward *rooms*, there we may find enough
Of untrim'd *natures* sluttish *houshold-stuff*.
Wouldst thou be fair within (O man,) and neat,
Turn but thy inside out, thou'lt be compleat.

Meditat. 26.

Do greedy *Ravens* hunger? do they cry
For *food?* and are they *fed?* and must not *I?*
I *beg*, I *crave*, and yet am hungry still;
I *pine*, I *starve*, and *Ravens* have their fill.
I know (*great God*) I have offended *thee*,
Because thou feed'st the Ravens, and not me.

Meditat. 27.

Do *Lillies* flourish? do they still remain
Neatly adorn'd? and yet they take no pain;
They neither *spin* nor *card*, they take no care,
And yet they're cloth'd, and *I*, poor *I*, go bare.
I know (great God) I have offended thee,
Because thou cloth'st the Lillies, and not me.

Meditat. 28.

Why am I thus tormented with the *Rod*
Of my *afflictions?* Hath my angry *God*
Forgot his *creature?* Shall I never have
A little ease, but be *affliction's slave?*
Forbear, my *grumbling Soul*, cheer up, and be
Mindful of him, and he'l remember thee.

MEDITAT. 29.

And why does *Heav'n* afflict me, but becauſe
He'l make me know *my ſelf*, and learn his *Laws*.
Then why am I diſquieted? If *he*
Intends my *good*, ſhall I prove *enemie*
Unto *my ſelf*? My *Soul*, take *care*, be ſtill,
Unleſs he turns that good into an ill.

MEDITAT. 30.

Then learn, *my ſoul*, when *Heav'n* afflicts, to know
'Tis for thy *ſins* he does it, and to ſhow
The greatneſs of his *mercy*, and to make
Thee love *affliction* for the *Afflictors* ſake.
Be *wiſe* and *provident*, and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Twas good for David, *'twill be good for thee.*

MEDITAT. 31.

If thou wilt learn, *my Soul*, how to endure,
With patience, thy *afflictions*, be thou ſure,
That when the hand of angry *Heav'n* ſhall ſmite,
Thou doſt not grumble like the *Iſraelite*.
Strive, thou for patience, heav'n wil teach thee how
To bear affliction with a cheerful brow.

Meditat. 32.

What though the *waves* of thy *afflictions* rise,
And rage abundantly? lift up thy *eyes*,
And cry to *Heav'n*, let patience calm thy mind,
And know that pureſt *gold* muſt be refin'd,
And when *affliction* brings thee to the brink
Of death, remember Peter *did not ſink.*

Meditat. 33.

When I conſider how I have offended
My Souls dread *Soveraign*, and *vili-pended*
His gracious promiſes, I much admire
He caſts me not into eternal fire:
But he in *mercy* makes me kiſs his Rod,
Tells me, I am a creature, he a God.

Meditat. 34.

Conſider well, *my Soul*, why haſt thou breath,
Since that the wages of thy *Sins* are *death*?
Thou haſt deſerv'd ten thouſand times to dye,
But that thy *GOD*, whoſe mercy doth deny
A *Sinners death*, reprieves thee for a time,
To make thee know the greatneſs of thy crime.

Me-

Meditat. 35.

O meditate, my *Soul*, what *Heav'n* hath done
For thee, that art his moſt *rebellious Son*;
He hath prolong'd thy days, and ſtriv'd to win
And draw thee from the lothſomneſs of *ſin*.
Admired patience! O indulgent care!
Mercy of Mercies! how can Heav'n forbear!

Meditat. 36.

Have *I* offended? and ſhall *I* deſpair?
Oh no, *I* dare not: Ah my *Soul*, forbear
To harbor ſuch a wickedneſs; but know,
When thy *ſins* ebb, Gods *mercies* overflow:
His mercy is an *Ocean*, and thy prayer
Is th'only wind can raiſe a tempeſt there.

Meditat. 37.

Then pray my *Soul*, and let thy *prayers* reveal
Thy boſom *ſins*; O think not to conceal
A crime from him, that is the *God of Truth*,
And knows the *ſins* of thy offending *youth*: (ther
Ah know my *Soul*, the more thou ſtriv'ſt to ſup-
Thy ſins, the more one ſin begets another.

Me-

Meditat. 38.

Can *Sin*, the Souls consuming *Viper*, lie,
And *lurk* secure, from *Heav'ns* all seeing *eye*?
O no, 'tis vain to think so; though that we
Are mufflʼd up with *sin*, yet *Heav'n* can see.
O then confess *my Soul*, and thou shalt tread,
And trample on the Vipers poys'ny head.

Meditat. 39.

But can *Confession* in it self obtain
An absolute *forgiveness*? Can we gain
Heav'n by a *sigh*? O no, my *Soul* express
A perfect *sorrow*, when thou dost *confess*,
Then let resolved *Constancy* endure,
And then, my Soul, shalt truly rest secure.

Meditat. 40.

Dʃst thou, my *Soul*, desire to be partaker
Of those celestial joys, wherewith thy *Maker*
Crowns those *endeavoring Souls*, which study still
To be obedient to his sacred Will?
Examine well the *Scriptures*, they will show
The ready way; then practise how to go.

Me-

MEDITAT. 41.

Let thy *innocuous Meditations* be
Serious and *fervent*, let *integritie*
Still wait upon *them*, which will ſtill defend
And guard thy *actions* to a proſperous end:
Then ſhall thy labors have a peaceful reſt;
Then dayly labor to be dayly bleſt.

MEDITAT. 42.

But have a *care* (my *Soul*) leſt *malice* chance
To interpoſe it *ſelf*, and ſo advance
Above thy *patience*, and diſturb that *peace*
Which might have bleſt thee with a large *increaſe*.
O have a *care* this be no fault of thine!
Remember who hath ſaid, Vengeance is mine.

MEDITAT. 43.

Doſt thou deſire, my *Soul*, that *Heav'n* ſhould ſay,
Thy *pardon's* ſeal'd, and I will blot away
Thy numerous *ſins*; nay, and I will no more
Remember them, as I have done before? (live,
Then learn, my *Soul*, to know, whileſt thou doſt
He that will be forgiven, muſt forgive.

Meditat. 44.

If thou wouldst go to *Heav'n*, my Soul, go on,
(Not as the *sluggard* of wise *Solomon,*)
Be not so timerous *as he*, to say,
There is a *Lion* lurking in the way:
Go on with *courage*, let the way delight thee,
Then shall the Lion grumble, and not bite thee.

Meditat. 45.

The *Wise man* saith, that *sluggards* shall be cloth'd
With rags, and all his *actions* shall be loth'd;
And he that's willing to obtain a *prize*,
Must be laborious, and have *watchful eyes*; (strain
(My drowsy Soul) make Heav'n thy prize, then
T'out-run thy sins, and so thou shalt obtain.

Meditat. 46.

When on the ladder *Jacob* did discry
The *Angels* in his dream, he saw them fly
Upwards and *downwards*, which was to express
How much they scorn'd and hated *Idleness*:
Then learn, my *Soul*, how to ascend apace
From sin, to the perfection of grace.

Me-

MEDITAT. 47.

What was the reason *Peter* wept? Nay, why
Did he go out and weep so bitterly?
Could he not weep within? Did he not dare
Before the wicked to disburse a tear?
By this example *Peter* makes it known,
Who truly grieves, desires to grieve alone.

MEDITAT. 48.

Hast thou my Soul, with persecuting *Paul*,
Envy'd the *Church*? Hast thou conspir'd her *fall*?
Why then my *Soul* wilt thou despair? 'Tis true,
The *crime* is great, and *GOD* is gracious too.
A *light* may shine from *Heav'n*, and thou shalt be,
With Paul, converted from thy Tyranny.

MEDITAT. 49.

Hast thou, with thrice-denying *Peter*, cry'd,
I know him not, but stubbornly deny'd (crow,
The *Lord of Life*? what then? the *Cock* may
God may look back upon *thee*, and bestow
His liberal blessings: Then my Soul deny
Thy sins, with Peter, *and weep bitterly.*

MI-

Meditat. 50.

But was it not, *my Soul*, a ſad diſaſter,
That *Peter* ſhould ſo ſoon deny his *Maſter*,
For whoſe dear ſake t e d loſe his life? O what
A ſudden change is this, I know *him* not!
Nay more, as if he thought this would not do,
He binds it with an oath, forſwears him too.

Meditat. 51.

What was the reaſon that the *Lions*, when
They entertained *Daniel* in their *Den*,
Did rather *fear*, then hunger? Nay, how can
Deſtroying *Lions* fawn upon a *man*?
My Soul, there was a *Lamb* that tam'd the *Lion*
And made the Den prove Daniels *ſafeſt Sion.*

Meditat. 52.

Adviſe *my Soul*, and how could *Daniel* live,
Impris'ned in the *Den*, and none to give
Him dayly *food*? How could he reſt at quiet,
Without th'enjoyment of ſome *ſlender diet*?
When *Heaven* commands his Angels, they ſhal ſe
A Soul; (*my Soul*) *that Soul can never pe*

MEDITAT. 53.

'Twas *Faith* that guarded *Daniel* from the paws
Of dauntleſs *Lions*, whoſe imperious jaws
Were ty'd by *Heav'ns* appointment, ſo that they
Forgot their *Tyranny*, and learn'd to play.
(My Soul) with *Daniel*, truly think upon
Thy God, and Faith ſhall be thy Champion.

MEDITAT. 54.

Did great *Goliah* fall? Could he not ſtand,
That was ſo ſtrong, againſt ſo weak a hand?
Could not his *armour*, nor his *ſtorming power*
Maintain ſo mean a *Combate* half an hour?
Here, here (my Soul) obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
An armed body, but a naked mind.

MEDITAT. 55.

But how did ſtripling *David* dare to ſhow
His *childiſh* face before ſo great a *foe?*
He had no *armour* on, nor *ſword* to ſhield
His *body*, yet he *fought*, and won the *field.*
Here, here (my Soul) obſerve, and thou ſhalt find
A naked body, but an armed mind.

Meditat. 56.

Be ſure (my Soul) when e're thou ſhalt begin
To *war* with the *Goliah* of thy *ſin*,
Take *Davids armour*, and thou ſhalt or'ethrow
Thy *ſin* with a moſt *advantagious blow*.
Boaſt not too much, but with bold courage fight;
The pebble-ſtones of Faith fly always right.

Meditat. 57.

Faith is the arm of *ſafety*, which defends
The *Soul* from all *approaching harm*, and lends
A *ſword* to fight with *Satan*, who may venter
To make a thruſt or two, but cannot enter.
Gain thou this arm of Faith (my Soul,) and then
Thou mayſt out-dare a Lion in his Den.

Meditat. 58.

Learn how to prize thy Faith (my Soul,) and know
She is thy only ſafety here below:
She is a truſty buckler to protect thee
From ſhowres of evil, and to good direct thee.
Then rouze my *Soul*, and be not quite caſt down,
Repentance brings in Faith, and Faith a Crown.

Me-

MEDITAT. 59.

A Crown, that's only fitting to adorn
A Princes brow; and Subjects that are born
To an inferior fortune, muſt content
Themſelves with that, which fortune freely lent.
But ah my Soul! be wiſe, and underſtand,
A heavenly Crown's not made by humane hand.

MEDITAT. 60.

A glorious *Crown* of Glory ſhall attend
Attentive hearts; *my Soul*, I recommend
This *Crown* to thee: conſider but the price
It coſt, and then remember *Paradiſe:*
Remember whoſe dear blood did trickle down,
Like tedious ſhowrs, to purchaſe thee this Crown.

MEDITAT. 61.

O boundleſs *Loue!* would ſuch a *Lamb* as he
Dye for ſuch wolf-like *ſycophants* as we?
His *willing Soul* did even joy t'expreſs
This introduction to our happineſs.
His blood guſh'd out to waſh us clean within:
He ſhed it for our ſins, and yet We ſin.

MEDITAT. 62.

Rouze up my *Soul*, and let thy *Eagle-eyes*
Behold that *Sun* in whom thy *safety* lies:
Look well upon *him* and thou shalt discover
A *Lamb-like Patience*, and a *constant Lover*.
Admire with how much Dove-like innocence
He suffer'd death for us that gave th'offence.

MEDITAT. 63.

Art thou not ravish'd yet, my *Soul?* then hear,
And I will recommend unto thy ear
The willing *Passion* of that *Lamb*, which cry'd
Eloi, Eloi, Eloi, and so dy'd:
And by the vertue of his dying deed,
Our blood was stop'd, when he began to bleed.

MEDITAT. 64.

Man, the unhappy off-spring of that *man*
Of *Sin*, at whose beginning we began
To fall from our first principles, and stray
From *good* to *bad*, digressing from the way
Of our assur'd *Salvation*, and exchange
A *World of pleasure* for a *World of pains*;
And by that Heaven-forbidden *taste*, reverst
The stroke of *mercy*, made us all accurst,

And

And hourly ſubject to his *wrath*, whoſe *power*
Created us, and made us little lower
Then Heav'n-bred *Angels*; till the ſad *inventions*
Of *Satans* malice quickned the *intentions*
Of greedy *Eve*, whoſe hand ſoon recommended
That *fruit*, which by the *Serpent* was extended,
To her beguiled *huſband*, whoſe neglect
Of Heav'ns Commands purchas'd a dull aſpect
From his revengeful *brow*, which ſhin'd more
Then glorious *Cynthia* in her greateſt light. (bright
But ah, the cloud of *Adams* ſin had made
A great eclipſe; Poor *Adam* is betray'd
By his own *folly*, and condemn'd to crawl
Upon his *belly*, and gulp up the *gall*
Of his *tranſgreſſions*; Having thus offended,
He's thrown from *Paradiſe*, and *vili-pended*
By Heav'n: But all this while the *Serpent* ſits
Raviſh'd with laughter, tut'ring ſtill his wits
To further *miſchief*; having found ſucceſs
In his firſt *enterprize*, doubts nothing leſs
Then what he hopes for; having thus o'rethrown
The firſt man *Adam*, thinks that all's his own:
But that our *God*, whoſe all-commanding power
Can mortifie, and quicken in one hour,
Was fill'd with *pity*, pitied *man* whoſe ſtate
He ſaw was miſerably deſperate;
Began to view him with a gracious *eye*,
And invocates his ſacred *Trinity*:
And thus proceeds. ——

——— Have *I* made *man*? have *I*
Made wretched *man*, man made to glorifie
My *name*, and given to his thriftleſs hand
Preheminency both by Sea and Land?
And ſhall I not be honor'd? Am I not
A mindful *God*? And ſhall I be forgot
By ſlothful *man*? Have I not gave him *light*
In ſpight of *darkneſs*, and ſhall he requite
My favours thus? Nay more, have I not fram'd
And ſtamp'd him with my *Image*, and proclaim'd
A laſting greatneſs to him? And ſhall *they*
Be thus obdurate now, that were but *clay*
Before I gave them *breath*? and ſhall that *breath*
Contemn, defie, and ſcorn me to the *death*?
Is this the *honor* which I did expect
From them? Is this the *duty*? this th'*effect*
Of all my *labors*? Speak my deareſt *Son*,
What ſhall we do with *man* that hath undone
His wretched *ſelf*? My *fury* burns to be
Reveng'd on *man* for his *iniquitie*.
Break forth my reſtleſs *fury*, and devour
That loathed thing call'd *man*, give him no power
To call me *Father*; whil'ſt abuſed *I*
Will ſtop my *ears*, and ſcorn to hear him cry:
Begone, enact my pleaſure.

The *Son* reply'd; Oh ſtop! Oh ſtay, my *dear*,
My deareſt *Father*! Let thy ſacred *ear*
Stand open but one minute, that poor *man*
May ſtrive to plead, and utter what he can

For

For his own ſelf. Alas my *Son*, I know
The more he ſtrives to ſpeak, the more he'l ſhow
His *guilt*; And ah! what anſwer can he make
To angry *I*, that am reſolv'd to take
Speedy *revenge?* The more he ſtrives to clear
Himſelf, the more he'l make his *guilt* appear.
Begone my *fury*, run till thou art ſpent;
Away, away, and give my *paſſion* vent,
Vent it on *man*. My angry *Father*, ſtay
A little longer, hear what I will ſay
In mans behalf: Oh, is not *man* thy creature?
His *ſins* are not ſo great, but *thou* art greater
In *mercy*: Oh be merciful, and let
(If nothing will) my *blood* diſcharge the debt:
I'le freely give it, may this Blood of mine
Extinguiſh quite thoſe angry *flames* of thine.
Oh be appeas'd, and give me leave to ſtrive
Againſt the power of *Satan*, and deprive
Him of his man-deluding power: I'le charm
His rav'ning *malice*, and withhold his *arm*
From hurting *man*: Nay, and I'le undergo
As many *ſorrows*, as the world can ſhow,
For *man* thy *Image*: Say the word, and I
Will go, nay run, for joy, that I muſt dye
For *mans Redemption*. Deareſt *Son*, then go,
Redeem relapſed *man*, that he may owe
An endleſs debt. But ſay, my *Son*, ſhould he,
For whom thou dy'ſt, revile, diſhonor thee,
And trample in thy *precious blood*, and make
That *blood* prove *poyſon* to him, that ſhould take

The venom of his ſins away? I'le ſtrive,
The *Holy Ghoſt* reply'd, to make *man* thrive,
And grow in grace; I'le teach him to expreſs
No feigned, but a real thankfulneſs.
O Soul-tranſporting *Joy!* O trueſt *Love*
Without a *period!* O innoxious *Dove!*
Could'ſt thou, *thou Lamb of God*, be thus content
To ſtep from Heav'n, and take that puniſhment
Upon thy *patient ſelf*, which appertain'd
To *Heaven provoking man*, man that was ſtain'd
And blur'd with ſin, whoſe ſpots could never be
Waſh'd out *(bleſt Lamb)* by any but by thee?
Had'ſt *thou* not interpos'd, our Souls had bin
Imbowel'd in the *Ocean* of our *Sin:*
And hadſt *thou* not ſuſtain'd us, we had fell,
And ſwelter'd in the reſtleſs *flames* of Hell.
Hadſt thou not look'd upon our ſad *condition*,
And pitied us, to ſee what *expedition*
We made to our own *ruines*, we had loſt
The *hopes* of our *Salvation*, which coſt
An unknown price: 'Twas not a ſwelling *flood*
Of heap'd up *gold* redeem'd us, but thy *blood*,
Thy precious blood, which flow'd like haſty *tides*
In great abundance, from thy wounded *ſides*.
Start from the *bed of Sin* (my *Soul,*) and run
To view the *ſplendor* of this glorious *Sun:*
See how *he* wraſtles with the *gloomy clouds*
Of our *tranſgreſſions*; See how *he* unſhrouds
Himſelf: O ſee what pains he undergoes,
To prove himſelf our *friend*, that were his *foes*.

Me-

Methinks I hear a throng of people cry,
Let *Barabbas* be freed, let's crucifie
This *Jewish King*; let's lead him to his *death*,
'Tis pity he should draw a minutes *breath*.
Methinks I see how his weak *hands* are bound
With twisted *cords*: Methinks I see *him* crown'd
with sharpned *thorns*: Methinks I see them, how
They worship *him* with a dissembled *bow*.
Methinks I see the *gazing people* run
To see the *glorious setting* of this *Sun*.
Methinks I see his gentle *feet* divide
Their measur'd paces, to be crucify'd.
Methinks I see how his delightful *face*
Seems to receive an *honor* by *disgrace*.
Methinks I see how his Heav'n-fixed *eyes*
Do overlook his raging *enemies*.
Methinks I see his *spear-inviting breast*
Willingly ready to receive the rest
Of their intended *malice*; How his *palms*
(Like one that gives, and not receives an alms)
Are spread abroad, which truly verifies
With what a chearful willingness he dyes.
Methinks I see how his connexed feet
Salute the *Cross*, as if they joy'd to meet
With so, so fast a *friend*. Methinks I see
With what a Heav'n-infus'd reluctancie
He entertains their blows, as if he found
A *lively comfort* in each *deadly wound*.
Methinks I see his bubbling *veins*, how they
Swell up a little, and then shrink away,

And

And hide themſelves, as if they had expreſt
(For the departure of ſo warm a gueſt)
A ſecret *grief*; till conquering *death* exil'd
Life from the *body* of that *Lamb*, that *Child*,
That *Son of God*, in whom true *joys* reſide;
Who lives by dying, and by living dy'd.

Quis miſerior quàm qui ſuam neſcit miſeriam?

DO I not dayly ſee that nothing can
Be ſo unſtable as the *ſtate* of *man?*
Do I not ſee how *fortune* can correct
Miſfortune; and as ſuddenly neglect (crown'd
Poor helpleſs *man?* Sometimes his thoughts are
With golden joys, and ſometimes kiſs the ground:
Somtimes he's fil'd with laughter, ſomtims weeps;
Sometimes he walks in ſtate, and ſomtimes creeps.
A morning joy proves ſometimes grief at night,
For fortunes dyal goes not always right.
'Tis vain, 'tis vain; and ah that I could weep
My ſelf into a deluge, and ſo ſteep
My cheeks in tears: Oh that I could imbark
My naked *Soul*, and ſwim like *Noah's* Ark
In that grand *Ocean*, which my flowing eyes
Have made, and overlook my miſeries!

Diſtemp'red

Diſtemp'red *thoughts*, why do you thus torment
My yeelding *Soul?* why does my *Soul* relent?
Why am I thus afflicted? why doth *ſorrow*
Take an advantage of my *Soul*, and borrow
Quotidian plagues, and ſtudy how to make
My heart its *Theater?* How ſhall I ſhake
Theſe coupling *fetters* from my captiv'd *heart?*
How ſhall I bid adue to *grief*, and part?
Where ſhall I run, and labor to unſnare
My breaſts inhabitant? Oh how, or where
Shall I retire my ſelf! In what ſad *place*
Shall I deplore my miſerable *caſe?*
Could I but find a place where I might dwell,
And only ſee the *Sun*, I'd bid farewel
To all *falſe pleaſures.*

For now my *Soul* ſtill hovers to and fro
From places to place: ſometimes it flies too low;
Sometimes, with more aſpiring *wings*, it flies,
And envies at *impoſſibilities:*
Then back again, and with a ſeeming *mirth*
Surveys the *center* of this flattering *Earth.*
And thus my *Soul*, being left in this ſad *being*,
Agrees in nothing elſe but *diſagreeing:*
My *ways* are pav'd with *thorns*; I take my *diet*
From *ſorrows table*, furniſh'd with *diſquiet:*
I am the principle of *grief*; my *eyes*,
Like windows, open to all *miſeries:*
My *head's* a fountain, and from thence doth flow
The headlong rivers of unbridled *woe.*

My

My *ſighs*, like ſudden ſtorms, diſturb my *reſt*,
As if I had a *Boreas* in my *breſt*.
Needs muſt I be moleſted in my *dreams*,
My *heart*'s the receptacle of all *ſtreams*:
Then blame me not, if *ſorrow* makes me cry;
Sum all *misfortune* up, and that am I.
But ſtay my *thoughts*; poſt not away too faſt:
Extreams are dangerous, and cannot laſt.
A ſudden *thought* hath made me to confeſs,
I may be happy in *unhappineſs*.
And what's a *thought*? 'tis but a ſudden puff;
Yet many may confound, when one's enough.
Come let's repoſe, and make a little ſtay,
Our *Sun*'s ſufficient to adorn a day.
Why ſhould I wander in the darkſom *ſhades*
Of my own *errors*, whileſt a *grief* invades
My *naked ſenſes*? 'Tis in vain to ſtrive
Againſt the *power of God*, who can contrive
What pleaſes him: Why ſhall I then repine
At what he ſends? Can *wretched I* confine
His *will* to mine? Oh no; He ſuffers well,
Whoſe *ſuffrings* tell him there's no other *Hell*
But in this *world*: Who would not then endure
Terreſtrial torment, that he may procure
Celeſtial pleaſures? *Sorrow* brings no *loſs*
To him whoſe *patience* can ſuſtain a *croſs*.
Hereafter I will labor to prevent
A little Sorrow by a great Content.

Surgit poſt nubila Phœbus.

WHen *gloomy clouds* ſurround the *lofty skie*
It is an argument a *ſtorm* is nigh:
But when the *Sun*'s eclipſed from our ſight,
We muſt not judg an *everlaſting night*
Will then enſue: 'Tis danger to diſtruſt
A *God* that is ſo *merciful*, ſo *juſt*.
The greateſt *ſin* that *Satan* can declare
Againſt a *guilty Soul*, is *ſad deſpair*.
What though the *clouds of Earth* ſhall interpoſe
Betwixt a *Soul* and *Heaven*? the wind blows
Not always in one place; one *happy hour*
May breed a *calm*, and qualifie a *ſhowre*.
Some greedy *Lawyers*, when their *Clyents ſtock*
Is almoſt ſpent, rewards him with a *mock*:
The *Counſellor of Heav'n* gives more content
To a poor *ſinner*, when his *breath* is ſpent:
Accepts the *will*, although his *tongue* be mute;
He ſeldom keeps him ſeven years in a *ſuite*:
He's free in *mercy*, and he takes delight
To end a *ſuite*, when *ſorrow* makes it right:
God is not like to them that take a pride
In others *griefs*: when *tears* begin to ſlide,
His *mercy* falls; he cannot brook delay,
But meets a *ſinners languages* half the way.
His *ears* are always open to let in
A *ſinners prayers*, when he lets out his *ſin*.

What

What though I have transgrest, what tho my *crime*
Appear like *mountains?* mountains oftentimes
Sink lower; nay, and God can pardon all
As well as one: for be they *great* or *small*,
They all are *sins*: *shrubs* grow as well as *trees*;
Gods mercy will admit of no *degrees*.
He that distrusts his *God*, shall always find
A *clouded conscience*, and a *stormy mind*.
Seven days had run, before God had attyr'd
The *World* with *order*, yet he was not tyr'd:
And shall we then expect to climb so high
As *Heav'n*, in half an hour, or else deny
So blest a labour? No, *perhaps to day*
We keep the road, to morrow lose the way.

Contenta vita est summa fœlicitas.

WHat is this *World?* A looking-glass, wherein
We see the *body*, nay the *face* of *Sin*.
What's *Wealth?* what's *Honor?* Transitory *toys*.
What's *Mirth?* what's *Pleasure?* Melancholy *joys*.
Honor is *Envy's* object; *Riches*, they
Are but the *subjects* of a *frowning day*.
Beauty's a slave to *Time*, and fond *delight*
Teaches the *morning* how to fool the *night*.

Were

Were I a *Midas*, could my *towers* of *wealth*
Protect my *person*, or preserve my *health*?
Were I a *Cesar*, could wy *honors* save
My crazy *carkass* from the gaping *grave*?
Were I as fair as *Venus*, could my *beauty*
Acquit me from that neceſſary duty
I owe to *change*? If ſo, I'd honor *pleaſure*,
And hug my *honor*, and rejoyce in *treaſure*.
If I had *riches*, they might make me fly
Upon the wings of *prodigality*.
If I had *honor*, that might make me dance
Ambition a *Corranto*, and advance
My ſelf above my ſelf: If *beauty* were
At my command, then might I chance t'inſnare
The *wantons* of the *world*; nay, and intice
Vertue to change it ſelf into a *vice*.
Now tell me *Earth*, where are thoſe *ſmooth de-* (*lights*
Thou often boaſts of? are thy *golden nights*
Chang'd into *leaden days*? Oh tell me then!
Why doſt thou ſo befool the *ſons of men*?
Who, following thee, conſume their precious *time*,
And are at laſt rewarded with a *crime*.

Content, that well-adviſed word imports
A Crown of Happineſs: All joy reſorts
Into the *palace* of a bleſt *content*,
And there reſides.

Content is golden ey'd, and can behold
A *dunghill* with as much reſpect as *gold*.
Content's a Jewel; but here lies the *art*,
Which way to hang it in a *reſtleſs heart*.

Much

Much have I heard of that *rich ſtone*, which all
Are pleas'd t'entitle, *Philoſophical*;
And *Fame* reports, that many *wits* have try'd,
T'obtain it, and before obtain'd it, dy'd,
And loſt their *eager hopes*; nay, what is worſe,
Left a rich *ſtudy*, but a poorer *purſe*:
And to conclude, *experience* made it known,
Had they not loſt Content, they'd found the Stone.

Pax una triumpha eſt.

Peace is the life of *Happineſs*, and *Strife*
A living *Death* unto a dying *Life*:
Envy's the *child* of *Srife*, and pregnant *Peace*
Is an indulgent *Mother*, whoſe encreaſe
Adorns the Earth: *Peace* is a *Turtle Dove*,
Compos'd of nothing but the *pureſt Love*.
What's *martial triumph*, but a little blaze,
Which now aſpires, and by and by decays?
What *triumph* is't, to ſee the *ſhivered bones*
Of *breathleſs men*, and hear th'*impetuous groans*
Of thoſe whoſe *feeble tongues* invite a *death*
To diſpoſſeſs them of their *loathed breath*?
Sad are th'effects of *War*, and yet this age
Eſteems not *Peace*, but lets *Contention* rage
Into a *madneſs*: Oh unhappy *State*,
Where *Strife*'s deſir'd too ſoon, & *Peace* too late!

Soul-

Soul-calming *Peace*, and heart-corroding *Strife*
Live here like *Factors*, both for *death* and *life*.
It is a ſacred *Jubilee*, to hear
Soft-breathing *Peace*, chanting in every ear
Rare ſtrains of *Heav'n-bred raptures*, which ex-
Full *Diapaſons* of our *happineſs*: (preſs
But 'tis a *dying life* to ſee, that *bliſs*
Should, by a *helliſh metamorphoſis*, (tion.
Be thus tranſhap'd to *Strife*: There's no *preven-*
Abuſed *Peace* perverts into *contention*.
And can the *Diamond* of *Amity*,
If once diſſevered in pieces, be
Compos'd again? *Experience* makes us find.
'Tis quickly broken, but not quickly joyn'd.
Oh *Peace*! Can we expect thy bleſt *return*:
If we, whoſe flaming envies dayly burn
Thy name within the *Ætna's* of our breſts,
Do make thee ſubject to our vile deteſts?
'Tis often ſeen, *Cantharides* do dwell
Upon the *faireſt Roſe*, whoſe pleaſing ſmell
Delights the *ſenſe*: It may be truly ſaid,
Envy, that baſe *Cantharides*, hath laid
It ſelf upon the *Roſes* of our *Peace*,
And rob'd us of a liberal *encreaſe*.
Have not our eyes in former times beheld
The fruits of *Peace*? have not our *Souls* been fil'd
With *heav'nly pleaſures*, and our graſping hands
Gather'd the *plenty* of our *peaceful Lands*?
Did not the painful *huſbandman* beſtow
His *labors* with a *cheerful brow*, and ſow

The *often-furrowed earth?* But now, ah now,
Intruding *Mars* moleſts the active *plough!*
And have not we by ſad *experience* found
Contentious *Mars* plows *bodies*, & not *ground?*
O miſerable *tillage!* This will bring
A bloody *Harveſt*, and as bad a *Spring.*
See ſmiling *Bacchus*, with his brim-fill'd *bowls*,
Would tempt us to carouze away our *Souls.*
Mars with a palled look proclaims an end
To all our *paſtimes*: *Sorrow* knows no friend.
Mars thunders, *Bacchus* ſmiles, and *Cupid* cries,
Envy ſurvives, *Truth* pines, and *Friendſhip* dies.
Peace flies her *Country*, and with *diſcontent*
Bemoans our *ſorrows*, and her *baniſhment.*
And thus we tumble in our own *confuſion*;
A bad beginning findes a bad concluſion.

A DISCOURSE between the *SOUL* and *WORLD*.

HOw now ſad *Soul*; from whence proceeds (thoſe *clouds* *Wo.*
Which ſtill eclipſe my *fancy* thus, & ſhrouds
Thy *ſplendent glory*? what *contentious Fate*
Hath bred *diſturbance* in thy *quiet State*?
Tell me, come tell me, that my *ſtudious care*
May be imploy'd to ſerve thee: Why, or where
Art thou oppreſt? Come, never fear to tell
Thy *grief* to me, thou know'ſt I love thee well.
Oh I am ſick, canſt thou be my *Phyſician*? *So.*
I can, ſick *Soul*: Come tell me thy *condition*. *Wo.*
Draw nearer then, for ah my *ſpirits* fail; *So.*
I'm ſick becauſe I know not what I ail.
If thou art ſick, and canſt not find thy *grief*, *Wo.*
How canſt thou be a *ſuitor* to *relief*?
Were it a *ſingle ſorrow* that oppreſt *So.*
My *wearied mind*, 'twere eaſily expreſt;

But when *pluralities* ſhall circumvent
A troubled *mind*, how can that mind have vent?

Wo. Come, leave theſe vain *exordiums*, let my ear
Be heir to thy *diſcourſe*, I long to hear;
Conceal not that, which if reveal'd may bring
A remedy: Come, tell me what's the thing
That thus corrodes thy *breſt*; 'tis I alone
Muſt give thy heart *refreſhment*, or elſe none.

So. Alas, fond *World*! how juſtly may I ſtile
Thy help a hinderance, thy treaſures vile!
What *anſwer* ſhall I now retort, that may
Expreſly ſatisfie? I cannot ſay
What I deſire; for when I ſtrive to ſpeak,
My *paſſion* grows too ſtrong, my *tongue* too weak;
My numerous *pains* infatuate my *wit*.

Wo. Piſh, this is but a *melancholly fit*:
Clear up thy clouded *thoughts*, ſuch *fits* as theſe
Are incident to all: learn to appeaſe
Thy inſtigating *paſſion*, and adviſe
With me; I'le make thee well, I'le make thee wiſe:
My bounteous *treaſure* ſhall increaſe thy *ſtore*
With great abundance: Come, let's have no more
Of theſe thy *petulant diſcourſes*, be
Preſcrib'd by none (*dear Soul*) except by me;
I'le cure thy pain. *Sou.* Fond *World*, forbear
To urge my *reſolution*, or inſnare
My yeelding ſpirits; let thy language be
Reſerv'd for them that will be fool'd by thee:
Thy *elevating joys*, which did before
Inrich my *vacant ſenſes*, make them poor:

And

And now I find the *greateſt plague* that can
Concomitate poor *miſerable man*,
Is to be happy. *Wor:* That's a *paradox*,
Is happineſs a *crime*?
Miſtake me not, raſh fool, for my *pretence* *So.*
Is good, if not corrupted by the *ſence*
You take it in: For tell me, what canſt thou
Inſinuating *wretch* vouchſafe t'allow,
That will perpetuate? haſt thou the power
T'aſſure a *happineſs* for one half hour?
If ſo, I will obſequiouſly confine
My ſelf to thy *directions*, and be thine.
I tell thee *Soul*, thy *fancy* thus diſturb'd *Wo.*
Will ruinate thy *ſenſes*, if not curb'd.
Convince thy ſelf, and be not thus averſe
To *Reaſon*; after *folly* comes a *curſe*.
But what is this to my *demands*? I ſee *So.*
Thou lov'ſt to hear thy ſelf declare, not me.
Anſwer to my *objections*, then I'le reſt,
A quiet *Soul*, in a reſolved *breſt*.
On that I were ſo bleſt to know the *ſtate* *Wo.*
Of thy condition. *Sou:* Wilt thou ſtill deviate,
And ramble from thy text? *Wor:* Believ't dear
There is no friend more ſtrongly can condole *Soul*
Thy weakneſs, then my ſelf; I ſympathize,
And truly grieve for thy *infirmities*:
Witneſs theſe falling *tears*; Oh, may't be known,
Sick *Soul*, I weep thy *ſorrows*, not mine own:
Sorrow forbids my gentle lips to ſmile;
For ah I am: *Soul:* A woful *crocodile*:

I, I, a woful *Exile*. *Wor:* For thy ſake
I'le ſuffer *thouſand griefs*, and undertake
Ten thouſand more, that I at laſt may prove
How much I've merited thy *trueſt love*.

So. What *voyce* is this that penetrates my *ear* ?
What do I hear, or do I ſeem to hear ?
Or is't a *dream* ? *Wor:* No, no, (bleſt *Soul*) 'tis true,
'Tis I that ſuffer theſe *extreams* for you.

So. Reſerve thy *tears*: Alas ! I did but try
Thy *love*, and now I find th'art *Conſtancy*
It ſelf: But tell me *World*, wilt thou content
My greedy mind with *Wealth* ? when that is ſpent
Will't give me more? and when that more is gone
Wilt thou be ſure to heap one bag upon
Another ? Wilt thou make me to out-vy
The ſons of men in *prodigality* ?
Doſt hear me World ? *Wor:* I do, and I am ſore
Oppreſt, becauſe thou canſt not ask no more :
Honour, *Wealth*, *Dignities*, and all ſhall ſtand,
Like *ſubjects* proud, to kiſs their *Princes* hand.
I'le hug thee in mine arms, and thou ſhalt ſleep
In *gold ſurrounded beds* : whil'ſt others weep
At *fortunes gates*, upon their *bended knees*,
Thou, thou ſhalt ſit and read *ſad Elegies*,
Imprinted on their *meagre cheeks* ; I, I,
Theſe are true *ſymptomes* of *Eternity*.
What, melancholy yet ? cannot theſe *charms*
Induce thee to my *Soul-inviting arms* ? (*ſures*
Speak *Soul*, are theſe not *joys* ? are theſe not *plea-*
To be imbrac'd? ſpeak, are not theſe rare *treſures*?

Baſe

Baſe *World*, th'art truly baſe; now I perceive *So.*
Thy lab'ring *policy* is to deceive.
What, didſt thou think my *heart* begun to dote,
When I, to make a *concord*, chang'd my *note?*
Oh no, *vile varlet*; no, I did but try
Thy *craft*, by learning what thou wouldſt reply
To my *demands*: Divineſt language could
Move no *reply*, when baſer language would:
But now thou *nothing*, made of nothing, know,
Th'aſt loſt a *friend* by me, and found a *foe*.
Here I declare my ſelf, and do proteſt
Before *juſt Heav'n*, that whileſt I live poſſeſt
Of *vital breath*, I will employ my *heart*
T'oppoſe thy *flatt'ring folly*; for thou art
A perjur'd *Traytor* to the *Souls* divine
And ſacred *Majeſty*, and wilt incline
Thy *ears* to nothing but to *antick tricks*,
And call'ſt *divine thoughts*, *melancholly fits*.
And ſo farewel, falſe *Traytor*; now 'tis known,
The more we are thine, the leſs we are our own.
And is this all? *Sou:* 'Tis all. *Wor:* Then *Soul* adue. *Wo.*
Oh may I ne'r prove falſe, till thou prov'ſt true. *So.*

A DISCOURSE between the *SOUL* and *FAITH*.

So. *Faith*, can thy hand protect me? can thy art
Prescribe a *cordial* for a fainting heart?
Hast thou the skill to settle my *belief*,
And arm my *Soul* against the *darts* of *grief*?

Fa. I have the *Art* (sad Soul) hadst thou the *power*
T'imbrace *belief*, to bring thee to the *Bower*,
The *fragrant Bower* of *pleasure*, which shall be
Perfum'd and deckt with blest *Eternitie*.

So. I do beleeve, and my *belief* torments
My *mind* with millions of sad *discontents*.
I do believe what ever *Heav'n* devis'd,
Then judg, oh judg, how I am *Tantaliz'd*!

Fa. Oh know (mistaking Soul) such *faith* we call
By the sad name of *Diabolical*.

So. Oh strange, oh sad, oh miserable *case*!
Has *Faith* rob'd *Janus* of his double face?
Doth not the *sacred Volumn* end this strife,
And bids *believe*, and have *eternal life*?

Fa. Th'*eternal tenants* of th'*infernal lake*,
Believe and tremble too, but can partake

Of

Of nothing but their *torments*, and obtain
Nothing, except th'*enlargement* of their *pain.*
How comes it then to paſs, if they beleeve, *So.*
They're not rewarded, but muſt always grieve
In *utter darkneſs?* Is their *faith* ſo ſtrong
T'acknowledg *God*, & yet they know him wrong?
They acknowledg *God* in *Juſtice*, but have run *Fa.*
Beyond *his mercy*, and deſpis'd his *Son:*
Their *faith* prevails but only to inthrall
Their Souls, becauſe 'tis not *ſalvifical.*
But tell me *Faith*, how may I learn to know, *So.*
Whether thou art *ſalvifical* or no?
Examine well thy ſelf, then go and pry *Fa.*
Into the ſacred *Scriptures*; let thine *eye*
Peruſe with *diligence*, and let thy *pray'rs*
Sail towards the *port* of *Heav'n* in ſwelling *tears*
Then thou wilt find, how dearly *God* will own
A *Soul* that ſings a *penitential tone.*
But when I ſtrive and ſtruggle to expreſs *So.*
My ſelf in *prayer*, I find a *dubiouſneſs.*
It is a happineſs oft-times to doubt *Fa.*
A *happineſs:* ——

How oft did *David* (Gods delight) cry out,
My God, my *glorious God*, oh why, oh why,
Haſt *thou* forſaken me, and doſt deny
The ſpreading *ſplendor* which was wont to ſhine
And glimmer on this doubtful *Soul* of mine?
Be ſerious, *Soul*, and let thy *thoughts* reflect
On *Gods indulgency*, and thy *neglect.*

How

How often hath he with his dewy *locks*
Attended thee, and with redoubled *knocks*
Deſir'd, nay beg'd an *entrance*, to impart
Love-ſick *expreſſions* to thy wilful *heart* ?
And *ah !* how willingly hath he delated
His *dear affections* to thee, and not hated
To call thee his own *Image*, nay his *Dove* ?
(Oh ſtreaming Fountain of Eternal Love !)
How hath he lab'red, with a *watchful eye* ?
To woo thee to his *bleſt Eternity* ?

So. But tell me then, if I am thus, thus dear
Unto *my GOD*, why will *my GOD* not hear
My *morning ſorrows*, and my *midnight moans*,
And ſtop the *revolutions* of my *groans* ;
But let my poor *Aſtræa* fly in vain
To his high *Altar*, and return again
Unanſwer'd ? Ah, what *over-awing Rod*
Smarts like the *ſilence* of an *angry GOD* ?

Fai. (Diſtemp'red *Soul*) oh do not thou become
(Becauſe thy *GOD* ſeems deaf unto thee) dumb ;
Reverberate the *portals* of his *ears*
With thy *complaints*, and let thy *vocal tears*
Invite an *audience* ; urge him by the force
Of his own language, *Heav'n* cannot divorce
Himſelf from his own words ; oh, let him know
Thou haſt his *ſacred Promiſes* to ſhow (*Earth*
For what thou doſt : Tell him, that *Heav'n* and
Shall paſs away, but the delightful *birth*
Of his *pathetical expreſſions* ſhall
Be *heirs* unto *Eternity* ; go call

Himſelf

Himself to witness for himself; be bold
To tell him to his face, thou hast layd hold
Upon his *promises*; tell him thou art
A *whole*, a *broken*, and a *contrite heart*:
Tell him th'art heavy loaden, and oppress't,
And crav'st th'*enjoyment* of a *happy rest*:
What though thy *querelous desires* at first
Seem to be frivolous, and slightly nurst?
Detract not thou, but be progressive still,
And not too *retrograte*, but let thy will
Attend his *pleasure*; is't not fit that *he*
Should be attended, that attended *thee*?
What if he still denies? thou art but paid (made.
With that dull *Coin* which thine own *sins* have
Hath he not waited at the *brazen Walls*
Of thy *regardless breast*, us'd many *calls*,
Nay many thousands, and hath dayly knock'd,
And found the *nurs'ry* of thy ears still lock'd
And bar'd against him? 'Twas enough to turn
Patience into an *Extasie*, and burn
The strongest *Resolution*, and incite
Vengeance to make an *everlasting night*.
Oh think on this *(blest Soul)* and be content,
Good actions seldom want a goood event.

Another

Another DISCOVRSE Between the SOVL and FAITH.

So. I'M *full*, and yet ſeem *empty*; I have ſtore
Of *Earths delectables*, and yet I'm poor;
I have what e're my rav'nous *thoughts* require,
And yet I want in having my *deſire*;
I eat delicious *food*, drink ſparkling *wine*,
Enjoy my *ſelf*, and yet I am not mine;
I am the *worlds delight*, I am the *child*
Of pregnant *fortune*, yet I am revil'd:
And what external *happineſs* can be
Thought worth *imbracement*, is imbrac'd by me.
Since all theſe *Joys* are heap'd upon my back,
I fain would know what 'tis I ſeem to lack.

Fa. Thy wants are ſoon expreſt (dull *Soul*) I know
Who wants my *helpful hand*, wants *power* to go.
Oh what an eaſie matter tis to find
A *ſtuffd-up body*, and an *empty mind!*
Grief reſts within the *centre* of that *breſt*,
That knows not what is *worſt*, nor what is *beſt*;
But ſtill looks downwards on this *dunghil earth*,
That alienates the *Soul*, and breeds a *dearth*

Within

Within that ſacred *Eſſence*, that divine
And glorious *Monarchy*: Who can define
Th'inchanting *Raptures*, and th'emperious *Joys*
Of ſublimated *Heav'n*, that toyls for *toys?*
Thou ſayſt th'art *full*, yet *empty*; thou haſt ſtore
Of *Earths delectables*, and yet art poor:
'Tis true, th'art *full*; but tell me whence proceeds
That *fulneſs*, ſay, what *charitable deeds*
Haſt thou perform'd; oh learn (trail *Soul*) t'ex-
Too great a fulneſs breeds an emptineſs. (preſs,
Experience tells thee, there is nothing worſe
Then *ſlighted mercy* turn'd into a *curſe*.
Thou ſay'ſt, th'enjoyſt what e'r thy *mind* requires
And yet thou wantſt in having thy *deſires*;
Thou eat'ſt, thou drinkſt, and haſt the *worlds con-*
To be her *darling*, yet art not content. (*ſent*
'Tis true, he wants, whoſe *fulneſs* wants *deſire*
To want that *fulneſs* which his *wants* require.
What though the *world* accumulates *increaſe?*
There's no *content*, when *Heav'n* denies a *Peace*.
If Heav'ns bleſt mouth proclaim'd *no peace ſhould* So.
Unto the wicked; what's become of me, (be
Who always liv'd to *ſin*, and ſin'd to dye!
Oh miſerable, miſerable I!
'Tis true, *GOD* will not ſuffer *Peace* t'ariſe Fa.
Unto the *wicked*, yet that *GOD* denies
A *Sinners death*, and by a free *conſent*
Promis'd a *pardon*, with this word, *Repent*:
'Tis a perſiſting *Sinner* muſt expect
A ſad *reward*, for a perform'd *neglect*.

Then

So. Then what muſt I expect? have I not run
(Even from the *riſing*, to the *ſetting Sun*)
In paths of *negligence*, and ſtill perſiſted,
And rather back'd a *ſinner*, then reſiſted
The power of *ſin*? Oh how can I obtain,
Or *thoughts*, or *hopes* to be reclaim'd again?
Fa. The *mouth* of *Heav'n* did never yet divide
His *language* thus: My *Soul* ſhall not abide
A *penitent offendor*; no, his *breath*
Speaks better things, then the lamented *death*
Of thoſe, who though they have in former times
Been permanent in their unboſom'd *crimes*;
Yet when the *ſenſe* of their *tranſgreſſion* brings
Abundant *ſorrow*, then *Jehovah* ſings
Rare *ſtrains* of *mercy* to their *Souls*, and pours
His *endleſs mercy* down in liberal *ſhowres*.
So. And is our *GOD* ſo *merciful*, ſo *juſt*
To lep'rous *Souls*? and ſhall not my *Soul* truſt
In ſuch a never-failing *GOD*? Shall I
Retort a *no*, when *he* proclaims an *I*?
Oh no, Ile take what he ſhall give, and then (*men.*
When *Heav'n* proclaims, my *tongue* ſhall ſay *A-*
For 'tis thy *Chriſt*, thy *Love*, thy *Son* muſt eaſe us.
Fa. *Follow me Soul, Ile lead thee to thy Jeſus.*

Penetrant

Penetrant Suſpiria Cœlum.

ARe *ſighs* ſo prevalent, that they can be
Admitted to the *ears* of *Majeſtie?*
Is *Heav'n* ſo weak, or *ſighs* ſo ſtrong, that they
Can make an *on-ſet*, and enforce their *way*
Unto the *ears* of *GOD?* Can *ſighs* perſwade
That *Lamb* to *mercy*, that our *ſins* betray'd?
Can roaring *Lions* meet, and can they part
Without a *combate?* Can a *lep'rous heart*
Meet *God*, and think t'out-brave him in his *Sion?*
(Our ſins are *Lions*, yet our *God's* a *Lion.*)
And what's a *ſigh?* 'tis but a blaſt of wind
Blown from the *center* of a *ſtormy mind:*
And can the *ayr* of one poor *ſigh* aſpire
So high as *Heaven?* ——

——Ah, *ſighs* can never tire
In ſuch a *progreſs*; though they be but *ayr*,
Yet they condenſe within the ſacred ear
Of *nurſing Majeſty*, who hears the ſound
Of wel-ſpent *groans*, and takes them at the bound.
Sighs are like *morning Larks*; ſometimes they fly
And chatter *praiſes* to the *bluſhing skie*,
Then wearied with their *flights*, dart down amain,
Longing to repoſſeſs the *earth* again.
So *ſighs* (the Souls beſt *oratory*) fly
To the *Interpreter* of *groans*, who'le not deny

To

To hear the *hearts embaſſage*, but delights
To ſee *ſouls* (wingd with *ſighs*) to take ſuch flight
But, when our *hearts* are loaded with the *cares*
Of this *vile earth*, and ſigh themſelves to *tears*,
Oh then he ſtops his *ears*, and makes them know
Their *ſighs* are earthly, and they fly too low;
Nor can they reach the *ſuburbs* of his *ear*,
Unleſs they mount into a *higher ſphere*.
Then let thy well-directed *ſighs*, my *Soul*,
Mount upwards ſtill, that there they may condole
Thy *ev'ning ſorrow*, and thy *morning grief*;
Then they'l (like *Doves*) return, and bring *relief*
Unto thy *floating heart*, and thou ſhalt find
The *operations* of a *ſigh*; thy *mind*
Shall purge it ſelf; thrice happy's thy *condition*,
Sighs are good phyſick, when Heav'n is Phyſician.

Roganti dabitur.

WHo would not be a *Begger*, that may crave
Upon ſuch eaſie terms, but *ask*, and *have*?
Here's *ſwelling bounty*, and ſure this muſt be
No *humane*, but a *divine charitie*:
Here well-inſtructed *Poverty* may live,
He that gives power to ask, hath power to give.
The *greateſt gift* that ever yet was known,
Was freely given, being ask'd by none.

And

And *he* that gave't hath many gifts in ſtore;
(Many give once, becauſe they'l give no more.)
But *he* who gave that *gift*, will not refrain
(If wiſely ask'd) to give us *gifts* again.
And if a heart-recording gift we make
Of this, his giving teaches us to take.
Be it ordain'd, that *begging* be an *art*,
Heav'n loves a *giving hand*, a *begging heart*.
But let us reſt a little; here's the *taſk*,
Heav'n knows to *give*, we know not how to *aſk*.
Methinks I hear ſome *multiloquious fool*
Make this *reply*, What, muſt I go to *ſchool*,
And learn to *beg*? I'm skilful to require,
If *Heav'n* would ſuit his *gifts* to my deſire.
Let *fools* delight in *folly*, let them think
That men are blind, becauſe they ſee them wink.
Others methinks reply, Have we not cry'd
To *Heav'n* for *bleſſings*, and have been deny'd?
Have not our early voyces been extended
To *Heav'n*, and yet our labors *vili-pended*?
Is this th'effect of *pray'r*? are theſe the *gains*
That we were largely promis'd for our *pains*?
Go ſilly *Souls*, and do not thus conteſt (*beſt*.
With *him* that knows what's *worſt*, and what is
Ye know not what ye ask; your *fond deſires*,
If granted to, may breed ſuch *flaming fires*
Within your greedy *breſts*, and ſo torment
Your *hearts* with millions of ſad *diſcontent*:
Then may ye know that true *diſcretion* lies
As well in asking, as in giving wiſe.

And ſolid *hearts* will labor firſt to know
What's fit for their *deſires*, and then they'l ſow
Their *pray'rs* in ſuch a *ſoil* as ſhall encreaſe
Their ſtock of Grace, and everlaſting Peace.

Pulſanti aperietur.

KNock, and it ſhall be open'd; here's an *Art*
Requires the *labors* of a ſtudious *heart*:
It is an eaſie action, ſome ſuppoſe,
Becauſe it commonly conſiſts of blows.
Here's a *myſterious knock*; 'tis not the *hand*
Of fleſh and blood can knock, or *tongue* command
The *gates* to move; 'tis not Saint *Peter's* keys
Can turn the *lock*, except the *Landlord* pleaſe.
Heaven's a well-ordered *family*, whoſe gate
Opens not ſoon to them that knock too late:
But thoſe, whoſe early labors ſhall implore
To have *admittance* at that ſacred *door*,
Muſt well inſtruct their *hearts*, and have a *care*,
Firſt learning how to knock, and after, where.
How happy's he, that really can ſay,
Go take thy reſt (my Soul) th'aſt knock'd to day?
He's happy, that can ſpeak ſuch words as theſe,
Open the door (my Soul) thou haſt the keys.
How happy's he, that by a *faithful knock*,
Can make the yeelding Gates of *Heav'n* unlock?

Pray'rs

Pray'rs are the keys of *Heav'n*, the melting door
Is *mercy*, that lets in and out the ſtore.
Faith is the golden key, which gives us all
A ſpeedy *entrance* to the *ſpacious Hall:*
But we muſt open (or elſe not come there)
The *gate of Mercy* with the *key of Pray'r:*
Go then, my *Soul*, into ſome private place,
Unlock thy *heart*, and when unlock'd, abaſe
Thy ſelf before the Throne of *Heav'n*, and fly
Unto the Temple of *Divinity*.
Go knock thy *heart* out; if that will not do,
Say, *Heaven*'s grown deaf, or elſe thy heart's not true.
Caſt off the thred-bare *garments* of thy *ſin*,
Thy *pray'rs* will melt the *gates*, and let thee in:
The *Governor of Heav'n* will not refuſe
To give an *audience* to ſuch welcome news;
Nor can he be ungrateful, or neglect
To crown thy *labors* with a true *reſpect:*
Then tune thy *heart*, and teach it to expreſs
Full *Diapaſons* of true thankfulneſs: (knock,
And grant (dear God) when my poor *Soul* ſhall
That my unworthy key may fit thy lock.

AN

ELEGIE

Upon that Son of Valor *Sir CHARLS LUCAS*;

Who was ſhot to Death by the Command of the Counſel of War, before *COLCHESTER*.

To all thoſe that love the memory of Sir Charls Lucas.

Reader,

WHen my ſerious thoughts reflected upon the *Death* of ſo worthy a *perſon*, I could not but *privately* deplore ſo *publique a loſs*; and being importuned by his *virtues*, and my own *ſorrow*, I gave my *pen* the priviledg (aſſiſting it with the uttermoſt of my power) to compoſe this *Elegious Poem* upon his *Death*, which I cannot expect will be conſonant to all *humors*, but only to *them* that love *Loyalty*. (*Reader*) I ſhall deſire thee to let the ſtrength of thy *goodneſs* pardon the weakneſs of *him* that is

His Kings, his Countries, and Thine,

JOHN QUARLES.

AN

AN ELEGY.

I Cannot hold, the Laws of *Nature* break
The Laws of *Reaſon*, and my *Ciſterns* leak.
Pardon my tears *(oh Heav'n)* and let thy pow'r
Subdue my *grief*, and mitigate this *ſhowre:*
Reſtore me to *my ſelf*, and let my *Quill*
Weep for me; let it weep until it fill (flow
Whole *volumes* with ſad tears, tears that may
From *age* to *age*, that all the *world* may know
It weeps for him, whoſe never-dying name
Gives golden feathers to the wings of fame.
But is it requiſite that I alone
Should ſtorm ſo great a work as this, and none
Invok'd t'aſſiſt me? *Sorrow hates delay;*
Oh hear my haſty *call*, and come away,
Ye *grief-ſupporting Muſes*, here is that
Will ſublimate your *ſenſes*; ask not what
It is, for fear, leſt *melancholly I*,
Raviſh'd with what I ſpeak, ſhould faint and dye.
Times *full-mouth'd Herauld* will exactly tell
How *Death* hath rambled from his muſty *Cell*,
And with preſumptuous *violence* hath ſhot
A *Star*, whoſe *fall* will never be forgot.

Then rouze your down-caſt *ſpirits*, now, or never,
Shake off your *ſlumbers*, or repoſe for ever:
Lucas has conquer'd *Death*, he's gone to keep
An *everlaſting Sabbath*, and to ſleep
In *Abrahams* boſom: *Ah, methinks this breath*
Should re-invite you from the ſhades of *Death*
To weep his *obſequies*; but if there's none
Will be invok'd, my *Muſe* ſhall walk alone
Into the *Wilderneſs of grief*, and there
Condole this *loſs*, till *ſorrow* wants a tear.
Have I betray'd my ſelf? Am I o'retaken
With *folly*? Or has *Reaſon* quite forſaken
The *kingdom* of my mind? If he be bleſt,
How dare my tears thus interrupt his reſt?
Oh *Times!* Oh *Manners!* Is the world grown
Some I behold rejoycing; others ſad (mad?
As *grief* can make them: Sure we have forgot
To ſympathize, or elſe why weep we not,
Or ſmile together? Has *Death* got the power
To make us *weep*, and *ſmile* within an hour?
Smile they that pleaſe, mine eyes cannot forbear,
For every *ſmile* of theirs, to ſhed a *tear*.

Come real-hearted *Mourners*, and incline
Your *ear* to my ſad ſtory, and confine
Your ſelves to *ſorrow*, ſorrow that ſhall need
No *definition*: if your hearts can bleed,
Now, now, they ſhall; and may that barren *eye*
That will not weep, prove blind, or always dry:
And they that can, and will not now let fall
Some tears, have hard *hearts*, or no *hearts* at all.

Lucas

Lucas (rare Soul) oh that my *tongue* might dwell
Upon thy *name*; 'twas *thou* that didſt excell
The world in *Martiall Valor*: He that can
Forget thy *name*, forgets to be a *Man*.
'Tis *death* to ſay th'art *dead*; Thou canſt not dye:
If thou art *dead*, there's no *Eternity*.
Thou liv'ſt in ſpite of *Death*, yet I condole
Thy *murther'd body*; but I'm ſure thy *Soul*
Lives above *envy*, where it ſhall be bleſt
In ſpite of *thoſe*, whoſe wiſdoms thought it beſt
To put a period to thy *days*, and bring
Joy to themſelves, and ſorrow to their *King*.
Diſcreetly done, and ſure this Act muſt be
Recorded in the Rouls of Infamie,
That after Ages, when they do behold,
May bluſh, what noble Deeds were done of old.
Say *Tyrants*, ſay, was't not a ſhameful ſtrife
To ſend a *Death*, after a promis'd *Life*?
If this be *Mercy*, Heav'n protect us all
From ſuch a *Mercy*, ſo *tyrannical*.
If this be *Juſtice*, may ſuch Juſtice have
A *Hell* to act in, or at leaſt a *Cave*.
What had he acted that could contradict
The Laws of *Juſtice*? Search, and be as ſtrict
As *policy* can make you, all ye can
Impute, was this, he was a *valiant man*,
Who lov'd his *King*, and undertooke to play
A *noble Game*, wherein his *honor* lay
At *ſtake*; what would you have a Gameſter do?
Should he ſurrender up a *game* to *you*

Without contending? Such a *high-bred ſhame*
Had left a *blur* within his ſpotleſs *name*?
I tremble at my thoughts, I cannot hold,
My *quill* muſt run, ye can but term me bold,
As ye are *tyrannous*: In former times,
Boldneſs in truths were pardonable crimes.
How could ye chuſe but tremble when ye nam'd
His *death*, whom *honor* and the *world* had fam'd?
Such deeds as theſe we needs muſt diſcommend,
Y'ave *murther'd* your own *honors*, and our *friend*.
How could ye chuſe but bluſh to ſee him ſtand
Undaunted at your *tragical command*?
How could ye chuſe but fly, when he was fled,
T'imbrace his *death*, and *dye* when he was *dead*?
How could your *Will-obeying ſlaves* let fly
A *bullet* at his *breſt*, and they not *dye*?
Why dy'd they not, when as they went about
To make thoſe *holes*, whereat his *Soul flew out*?
Mars frown'd when he obſerv'd what ye had done,
And perpetrated on his *deareſt Son*:
And thus declares; *If any mortal ſhall*
Dare to *intitle*, or preſume to *call*
Such *Rabſhechu's* his *Sons*, that they ſhall be
All voted *Traytors* to his *Majeſtie*:
The *Muſes*, they complain, and are agreed
To vindicate his *death*, and ever feed
Upon his *virtues*, and will never more
Smile on your *actions*, but will ſtill deplore
Their *loſt-love Lucas*; and the *Earth* ſhall ring
With *Ecchoes* of his *praiſe*, that lov'd his *King*.

Apollo

Apollo weeps, and ſays, ye have forgot
To cheriſh *virtue*, or ye love it not:
And to the world he'l fully make it known
In his deſtruction, ye have overthrown
Your *home-bred honors*: Now my *Muſe* retire
And gather breath; 'tis wiſdom to enquire
Which way to take our *progreſs*; we muſt know
Whither to *go*, as well as how to *go*:
The paths of *death* are darkſom, and we may
Plead an excuſe, if we have gone aſtray:
Errors in *grief* are incident to all
That truly ſolemnize a *funeral*.
But ſtay my *quill*, 'tis not my task to crave
Excuſes, but to treat upon a *grave*,
A *grave* within whoſe *ſullen boſom* lies
A *Jem*, contemn'd by thoſe that could not prize
So rare a piece, within whom was repos'd
Virtue and *honor*, for he was compos'd
Of both: (*Kind Reader*) know, that *Lucas* had
A *Magazin* of worth; his Soul was clad
With *robes* of innocency, and his heart
So ſworn to *honor*, that it could not ſtart
From *noble Exerciſes*, though attended
With troops of *dangers*, dangers that portended
A thouſand *deaths*: his *wiſdom* could deſcry
Both *life* and *death* with a contented *eye*:
Life was his Jewel, yet he did not prize
That *life* at ſuch a rate, as to deſpiſe
A *noble Death*; he labor'd to expreſs
To both a very equal willingneſs.

He

He knew his *life* was lent him to maintain
The rights of *Majesty*, and to regain
Those just *prerogatives*, which do belong
To *CHARLS*, who patiently sustains the wrong.
His *Soul* was undivided, and could never
Ramble from *Loyalty*; his whole endeavor
Was to advance that *Cause* wherein he stood
Engag'd, and *dy'd it with his crimson blood.*
Since thus he *liv'd*, since thus he *dy'd*, oh then
Let's imitate so *good a life*; and when
We hear the sad relation of his *Death*,
Let's learn to *dye*: Let them that live by *breath*
Examine his *brave actions*, and they'l find
He had a rare militia in his mind.
But stoutest *Lions* are at last o'rethrown
By *Natures Laws*; for *Nature* needs must own
Her *principles*: our earthen *vessels* must
At last dissolve, and turn themselves to *dust.*
Live we a thousand years, we do but run
In debt to *Nature*; and when those days are done,
We are but *mortal*, subject to decay,
And *youth* and *age* must go the self-same way.
Reader, as often as *report* shall send
Unto thy *ears* the death of any *friend*, (wrong,
Wonder not that he's *dead*, that's too much
But rather wonder that he liv'd so long:
For *Life's* but like a *Candle*, every *wind*
May puff it out, and leave a *snuff* behind.
But whither runs my *pen*; Does sorrow mean
To make of this an *everlasting scean?*

Lucas

Lucas made *Sorrow* lovely, *Death* a pleaſure,
And *Life* a trifle, *Miſery* a treaſure:
And now let no audacious tongue deny
That he taught *Death* to live, and *Life* to dye.
Now *gentle Soul*, go take thy ſweet repoſe
In *Heav'ns* eternal *bed*, where none but *thoſe*
Shall ſleep, that in their *life-times* ſtudy'd how
To dye: there reſt (*dear Soul*) I'le leave thee now.
My *heart* begins to quake, that word has bred
A *palſie* in my hand, and *grief* has ſpred
A *vail* upon my *Senſes*; and *Confuſion*
Steps in, and leads me to a ſad *Concluſion*.
Shall I *begin*, or *end*, I know not whether;
Oh that I could begin and end together!
Begin, what's that, but to renew a *grief?*
To end, what's that, but to implore *relief?*
What ſhall I do? when as I ſtrive to end,
I ſtill forget to do what I intend.
When I begin, methinks I am content
Never to end: *Diſtraction* is th'event
Of *Sorrow*. (*Reader*) pardon this laſt error,
For I began with *grief*, and end with *terror*.

AN

AN EPITAPH.

C ome *gentle eyes*, and take a view,
H ere rests a *Jewel* was as true
A s *Truth* it self; see how *he* lies
R *enown'd*, and *crown'd*, a *Sacrifice*.
L ay your *hands* upon your *hearts*,
E ach *eye* must weep before it parts.
S *igh*, and *sob*; let each *sigh* call

L *ove* to attend his *Funeral*.
V nderstand that this was *he*
C onquer'd *Death* and *Tyrannie*:
A nd when your *eyes* begin to run,
S ay ye'ave gaz'd upon a *Sun*.

AN

ELEGIE

Upon the Death of my dear Friend

Mr ROBERT REASON

Who quitted this life the 13.
NOVEMBER, 1646.

——*Sic voluêre Fata.*

By J. Q.

AH, whence proceed thoſe *ſwelling floods* (that riſe
Like *reſtles waves* frō my *tempeſtuous eys*?
The *ſurges* beat (provok'd by ſtormy paſſion)
My weather-beaten *ſenſes* out of faſhion.
But ah forbear (diſtemp'ring *grief*) ſurceaſe
Thoſe *ſtorms*, which rage againſt the ſhore of peace.
Forbear ſuperfluous *blaſts*, be not too brief
To daſh my *Soul* againſt the rocks of *grief*:
But ſtop a time (ſad *Genius*) here's a *ſtile*
Invites a *reſt*; Let's meditate a while:
Can *tears* expreſs a perfect *grief*? Or can
Exceſs of *language* re-inlarge a *man*

From

From *Death*-benumming ſhades? Can blubber'd eyes
Invite him back? Can integrating *cries*
Enforce a *life*, in ſpight of *death*? Can all
The doleful *ſighings* in this world recall
Revolted *breath*? Oh no: 'Tis therefore vain
To think that *tears* can call him back again
From *Heav'ns* immortalizing Throne: Thus we
Fond men expand our own infirmitie;
And thus our ſpend-thrift eyes profuſely flow
In laviſh *tears*, for him whoſe *Soul* we know
Is far more happy then we can expreſs:
(Why do we then lament his *happineſs*?)
Then go (ſad *Genius*) and adviſe all ſuch
That grieve, to grieve, becauſe they grievd ſo much
For him, who *Heav'n* hath lately made a ſtranger
To *grief*, who reſts above the reach of danger;
There let him reſt in a moſt *glorious ſleep*:
And if weak *Nature* urgeth us to weep,
Let's weep, nay weep indeed, until our eyes,
Blinded with weeping, weep for new ſupplies:
Let's weep for *ſin*, let troops of *ſighs* attend
Our haſty tydes to their long journeys end.
Oh let's deplore our moſt unhappy *ſtate*
Betimes, for fear leſt time-devouring *fate*
Blocks up the narrow paſſage of our *breath*,
And ſo ſurprize us with a ſudden *Death*:
And ah how ſoon the *ſhadow-flying days*
Of man conſumes: how ſoon the troubled blaze
Of his frail *life* expires; and ah how ſoon
He finds a *night*, before he thinks 'tis *noon*:

And

And how the *pleaſures* of this ſordid *Earth*
Shadow his *ſenſes* with a *glimmering mirth.*
And what's this world? 'tis but a glaſs, wherein
Nothing appears but *Heav'n-confronting ſin.*
Alas, its *painted beauty* repreſents
Nothing but *folly*, crown'd with *diſcontents:*
There's nothing here that truly may be ſtil'd
A *happineſs*; here's nothing but's defil'd.
Alas, alas, in what a ſad condition
Is *duſt-compoſed man!* what expedition
He daily makes to gain thoſe things, which gain'd,
Gnaw him like *vipers*; thus are *mortals* ſtain'd
And blur'd with vanities; and thus they ſpend
Their *winged hours*, as if they could not end:
Fond *Earths-conſuming traſh* hath ſo combin'd
Their hearts to *Worldly pleaſures*, that they mind
Nothing but profit, baſely gain'd, which ſhall
Mount them up here, but after let them fall.
But where's that *man*, whoſe *Soul* contrives to be
Imparadis'd, and crown'd with *dignitie*,
With *Hallelujahs* *Angels*, which controul
The Family of *Heav'n*, who ſtill inroul
In their ſublimer thoughts, how *great*, how *juſt*
Their *Maker* is, before whoſe *throne* all muſt
Appear with ſpotleſs *Souls*, and fly from hence
With downy wings of *Dove-like innocence?*
But ſtay my *quill*; have I thus ſoon forgot
My *boſom friend*, as if I lov'd him not?
No, no; though he be dead, he cannot dye,
Death cannot drive him from my *memory*,

Where

Where he ſhall reſt, till time ſhall recommend
My *friend-bereaved Soul* unto my *friend*;
For whileſt he liv'd, my *ſympathizing heart*
Was truly *his*, and truly bore a part
In what he ſuffer'd; Ah but now he's fled,
And left me here, to ſay, *my friend is dead.* (back
Poor *ſoul!* and why poor *ſoul?* raſh tongue, call
That fond abortive word; how can he lack,
That dayly feeds upon *delicious dyet* (*quiet?*
In *Heav'ns* great *ſtore-houſe*, and knows no *diſ-*
This was an Error that my haſty *quill*
Too raſhly ſtept into againſt my will:
I hope 'tis venial, *Reaſon* may afford
A pardon for a grief-relapſed word.
When *paſſion* rules the *fancy*, men become
Vainly *Pragmatick*, or extreamly dumb:
But why *raſh death*, why didſt thou ſend thy *dart*
To take poſſeſſion of his *willing heart*,
And gave no longer warning? was there none
Could pleaſe thy *pallate*, only him alone?
'Twas quickly ended, and as ſoon begun;
Believe me *death*, 'twas but unfriendly done.
But why do I (fond man) expoſtulate
With thee, that art an *all-conſuming fate?*
Th'aſt done a happy deed, I dare not blame
Thy *power*, becauſe I know from whence it came.
Shall I, becauſe he was my friend, repine
At his *departure?* was he *Heav'ns* or *mine?*
I yield him *Heav'ns*, not *mine*; but yet I might
Claim him as finite, *Heav'n* as infinite.

He was but lent me for a time, that I
And others by his *life* might learn to dye:
Whileſt he enjoy'd the *fulneſs* of his *breath*,
His *life* was a preparative for *death*:
His whole delight and ſtudy was to pry
Into the boſom of *Divinity*; (that thoſe
From whence he ſuck'd ſuch wholeſom ſtreams,
Which heard him, gave a *plaudit* to his cloſe:
His dayly practice was, how to fulfil
And proſecute his *great Redeemers* will:
Heav'n was his *Meditation*, and he gave
A reverent reſpect unto his grave:
Faith, *Hope*, and *Charity* did ſweetly reſt
Within the *Counſel-chamber* of his *breſt*;
And in a word, the *graces* did agree
To make one *happy Soul*, and this was he:
As for his *moral duties*, they were ſuch,
That ſhould I ſtrive, I could not ſpeak too much:
His *civil carriage* towards all men might claim
A perfect *right* to a beloved *name*:
His *actions* were ſo juſt, that they may tell,
He liv'd uprightly, and he dy'd as well:
His *love*, his ſweet *ſociety* might call
Ten thouſand *tears* t'attend his *funeral*:
And to conclude, in him all men might find
A *real heart*, and a moſt *noble mind*:
But now he's gone, his *winged Soul's* aſpir'd
To *Heav'ns high Palace*, where he ſits attir'd
With *glorious immortality*, and ſings
Melodious Anthems to the *King* of *Kings*.

There, there his melting *Soul*, raviſh'd to ſee
The *Sun-bright throne* of ſplendent *Majeſtie*,
Adores his wel-pleas'd *maker*, who makes known
He's pleas'd to crown, and keep him for his own:
Oh there he reſts, free from the rubs of Earth,
Hugging no *ſhadow*, but a real *mirth*:
Oh there's no *grief*, no *ſorrow* found to vex
His *peaceful Soul*; no *trouble* to perplex,
Or blaſt his *new-bred joys*; there is no *woe*,
No *care*, no *pain*, no *miſery*, no *foe*,
That dare preſume to interrupt him; all
Muſt ſtand aloof, and not appear, nor ſhall
Incroaching bold-fac'd *grief*, nor pale-fac'd *ſpight*
Dare interpoſe t'eclipſe one blaze of light.
Oh there methink I hear him ſweetly ſing, *(ſting?*
Grave, where's thy power? Oh Death, where's thy
Methinks I hear his warbling tongue declare,
How good his works, how great his wonders are:
Methinks I ſee a great united *Band*
Of glitt'ring *Angels*, how prepar'd they ſtand
To welcom *him*: Methinks I hear them ſay, (way.
March on *bleſt Soul*, thou need'ſt not doubt the
Oh *glorious ſight!* In what triumphing *ſtate*
They guard his *Soul* to *Heav'ns refulgent gate*;
Where when he comes diſrob'd of all his *ſin*,
The *gates* fly open, and his *Soul* flies in.
Methinks my *raviſhed ears* are fill'd and bleſt
With ſuch *harmonious raptures*, and poſſeſt
With ſuch *varieties*, that even I,
Were *ſin* abſolved, would reſolve to dye.

Me-

Methinks I hear within *Heav'ns Eccheing Grove*
The *quavering Angels* chant, as if they ſtrove
T'excel themſelves: Methinks that every *breath*
Is a ſweet *Invitation* unto *death.*
But oh what rare, or what profound *invention,*
Beatifi'd with a ſtrong apprehenſion,
Can ſound the depth of thoſe *delights,* which he
Shall ſwim and bathe in to *Eternitie:*
There reſt *dear Soul,* having thus conquer'd *fate,*
Thy pleaſures never ſhall expire their *date.*
There, there the *Alpha* of thy joys ſhall never
Know an *Omega,* but be bleſt for ever
With *Alpha* and *Omega,* who ſhall crown
Thy *throne-approaching Soul* with true renown,
Whileſt we confuſed *mortals* here below
Gulp up the *dregs of ſorrow,* and beſtow
Curſes in ſtead of *prayers* upon each other,
And dayly labour to confuſe, and ſmother
Our *ſerene happineſs,* and turn thoſe *joys*
Which *Heav'n* allow'd us, to neglected *toys:*
And thus our deviating *Souls* befool
Themſelves, and practiſe in the common School
Of Errors: Thus erroneouſly we bend
Our *flexive minds* to *folly,* and commend
Non-ſence for *Wiſdom; Reaſon* being dead,
Repoſe my Muſe, diſcretion calls to bed.

FINIS.